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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE heaviest blow that has yet fallen upon the Government has been dealt in an unexpected quarter. When it was known that the local Liberals at Barrow refused to accept MR. CAINE as the representative of their party, and that they meant to bring forward a candidate of their own, everybody jumped to the conclusion that the Tory, MR. WAINWRIGHT, must be returned. The fact that, in spite of MR. CAINE'S persistence in going to the poll, MR. DUNCAN the Liberal has been returned, is one of the greatest surprises in modern electioneering. It is a heavy blow to the already damaged Government, and their supporters are painfully conscious of this fact in spite of the silly attempts of the *Standard*, and other Ministerial organs, to minimise the significance of the election. The plain truth is that, whatever else MR. CAINE might be, he was at least an outspoken opponent of the Ministry, and all the votes given for him were unquestionably votes against the Government. Even if we shared the ridiculous assumption of the *Times* that MR. CAINE'S supporters are still faithful Liberal Unionists, opposed to the Government upon one point only, that fact would not diminish the weight of the blow which has fallen upon Ministers in a constituency which until now has been regarded as one of their strongholds.

How completely Ministers have lost their grip of business is shown by the fact that on Thursday evening MR. SMITH was unable to make the definite statement regarding the work of the Session for which Parliament has been waiting ever since the famous meeting at the Carlton Club. All he could do was to give expression to certain vague hopes—the hope that by-and-by he might be able to tell the House something more, the hope that the Tithe Bill (sole remnant of the ambitious programme of the year) might be carried, and so forth. For the present the House is to proceed with Supply and non-contentious business; later on the serious work may possibly be tackled. And we are at the end of the first week in July! A programme like this would in ordinary circumstances portend an immediate dissolution. It is the programme of a moribund Administration. The Committee on the procedure proposals is not likely to help Ministers much. MR. GLADSTONE—armed with precedents innumerable—has exposed the difficulties which attend the plan suggested by MR. SMITH; the old Tories like that plan still less than the Radicals, and there is no likelihood of its being adopted.

MR. PARNELL completed his forty-fourth year on Saturday, and his colleagues of the Irish Parliamentary party entertained him at a banquet at the Westminster Palace Hotel in honour of the event. Whatever men may think about the Home Rule question there can hardly, we think, be any diversity of opinion as to the striking and remarkable personality of MR. PARNELL himself. The time has not yet come when we need attempt an analysis of his character. It is sufficient for the present to say that no man in modern times has achieved so much with such small forces at his command; and that none has been proved to be more completely able to restrain himself, not only in the fiercest crisis of an unusually fierce and prolonged political struggle, but in those moments of personal triumph when a man's true character is exposed to so severe a test. One notable statement which he made in his speech has attracted general attention. It was a declaration that when the coming triumph of Home Rule arrived, neither he nor any of his colleagues would take office under the English Government; they would look only to service in their own country, and in a Government which faithfully represented Irish sentiments. A declaration of this kind stamps unmistakably the difference between the Irish party of to-day and any which has preceded it since the time of the Union.

LAST Saturday witnessed one of those curious Conservative demonstrations in which the apparently antagonistic characteristics of the picnic and the public meeting are combined. The scene was the Crystal Palace, and the principal performers were MR. BALFOUR and MR. GOSCHEN. The former, who met with a reception the enthusiasm of which contrasted with the coldness of the greeting given to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made a courageous speech, from which, however, the buoyancy of tone that on former occasions of the same sort has marked his utterances was conspicuously absent. There was more than a touch of ill-temper in his reference to the abortive attempt of the Government to deal with the Licensing question. He predicted that the recent successful action of the Temperance party would prevent either party in the State from touching the question of the drink traffic during the next twenty years. Whilst we do not for a moment accept his prophecy as well founded, it is safe to affirm that the majority of Temperance reformers in this country would rather face even such a prospect as this, than see the nation committed to principles which would practically have stopped all real reform for ages to come.

LORD CARNARVON, who died last Saturday at the age of fifty-nine, deserves to be remembered as one of the finest public characters of our time—a man whose chief defect as a statesman was that his refinement so shrank from the work of pushing and self-advertising, now almost indispensable to success, that he never gained an influence with the public commensurate with his abilities. He had, besides his gifts as a speaker and an administrator, the rare qualities of a wide and unprejudiced mind able to take a fresh view of old questions; and he had the courage to give effect to his convictions, even when they exposed him to misrepresentation. He was the only leader in the Conservative party with insight enough and boldness enough to resist the criminal folly of the policy followed by the BEACONSFIELD Government in the affairs of the East in 1878. In 1885 he had again the wisdom to read the signs of the time, and perceive that some form of self-government for Ireland was necessary. When the secret history of the latter half of that year comes to be disclosed, it will be seen that he was a convinced and conscientious advocate of the method of conciliation, and when LORD SALISBURY'S Ministry, having failed to get a majority in the General Election, suddenly faced round and prepared to revert to coercion, LORD CARNARVON resigned the Viceroyalty, which he had taken only in the hope of bringing about the satisfaction of Ireland's legitimate claims to self-government. The Ministry had used him ill; but he was too magnanimous to complain or disclose all that had passed. It was,

perhaps, a misfortune for him never to have been in the House of Commons, but a greater one that his political career should have lain in a time when DISRAELI had so demoralised the Tory party that they did not give due recognition to the worth and dignity of a character so pure and so independent as LORD CARNARVON'S was. In private life he was singularly amiable and winning, with wide and active intellectual interests which made him a delightful companion.

VERY serious have been some of the social incidents of the week. There is usually no more sober or law-abiding community than the population of Leeds; yet in Leeds we have seen the military called out, the Riot Act read, the Mayor stoned, and serious tumults in the streets—all in connection with a dispute about the payment of the gas-stokers employed by the Corporation. The dispute is now settled, the men having practically triumphed; but it has been an ugly incident. Hardly less disquieting has been the development of the feeling of discontent in the Post and Telegraph Office. MR. RAIKES is apparently determined that no act of unwisdom on his part shall be wanting to add to the dangers of the situation. The attempt to single out officials who are suspected of having shown an insufficient amount of enthusiasm when cheers were demanded for the QUEEN, strikes us as being particularly foolish.

THE Anglo-German agreement was signed on Tuesday at Berlin, and the document now only awaits ratification by Parliament. It is evident, however, that the feeling in this country, especially among the followers of LORD SALISBURY, is increasingly unfavourable to the African part of the settlement. Apparently many Conservatives have taken the advice which their leader gave them on a former occasion, and have studied "big maps." The big maps, showing very clearly as they do, that we have allowed our communications to be cut in the very heart of Africa, have aroused strong feelings of opposition in the breasts of the merchants and others who are interested in South African commerce, and a movement within the House of Commons has already been started for the purpose of bringing pressure to bear upon the Prime Minister to induce him to secure some modification of the agreement. Tory discontent on the subject is very real and very deep, and it is quite possible that LORD SALISBURY'S foreign policy may yet give the Government a worse fall than that which it has suffered over MR. GOSCHEN'S licensing proposals.

SIR WILLIAM WHITEWAY, the Premier of Newfoundland, who arrived in this country early in the present week, brings a somewhat reassuring account of the state of affairs on that island. That there is a real difficulty between the Newfoundlanders and the French naval authorities, and that considerable discontent prevails in consequence, cannot of course be denied. But SIR WILLIAM WHITEWAY'S testimony makes it clear that the danger of an armed conflict between the Newfoundlanders and the French, or of a demand for the annexation of the Colony to the United States, is by no means so great as we have been led to suppose. No doubt SIR WILLIAM'S is the optimist official view of the question; but his testimony is very explicit, and, so far as it goes, is entirely reassuring.

THE execution of MAJOR PANITZA has been one of the leading events of the past week, and it is unquestionably one of serious import. Many journals both in this country and elsewhere have been quick to blame PRINCE FERDINAND and his Ministry or rather his Minister—for M. STAMBOULOFF, as is well known, is supreme in the Government of Bulgaria—for a measure which undoubtedly jars upon popular sentiment. Yet the act seems to us to have been as politic as it was courageous. No step which Bulgaria can now take can add to the anger of the CZAR and the Russian Government; whilst the escape of PANITZA from the doom he undoubtedly merited would have made it apparent that any conspirator who enjoyed the patronage of Russia could plot with safety against the lives of the rulers and the leaders of the people of Bulgaria.

WE regret greatly that the London County Council at its meeting on Tuesday decided not to proceed any further this Session with the Bill for the improvement of the Strand. This step was taken in consequence of the decision of the Select Parliamentary Committee against the "betterment" clauses. It is much to be regretted that the betterment clauses did not pass, because unquestionably the spirit of the proposal they contained is entirely equitable. It must be remembered, however, that the manner in which the case for the betterment proposals was put before the Committee almost compelled its rejection. The County Council may possibly hope for a better result when they next go before a Parliamentary Committee; but meanwhile, much precious time is being lost, and the Council itself is allowing a most valuable opportunity of establishing its claim to the gratitude of the people of London to slip from its hands.

DURING the week the rate of interest for short loans has been high. The Bank of England has charged as much as 4½ per cent., while on Monday and Tuesday 4 per cent. was readily paid by borrowers upon Consols. On the other hand, the rate of discount in the open market has fallen, and is barely now 3¼ per cent. The bill-brokers and discount houses complain that the competition of Continental bankers is so keen, that they are unable to keep up rates; and, besides, they hope that money will be more plentiful for a month or six weeks to come. Whether the hope will be realised depends mainly upon whether gold withdrawals continue on a large scale. The probability is that they will. In payment for the purchase of the Western Railway of Buenos Ayres, bills for three millions sterling have been handed to the Government of the Province, and it is feared that a large proportion of the sum will be taken in gold. Then it is understood that the Argentine Government has arranged for an immediate loan of five millions sterling, and the City of Buenos Ayres is trying to raise four millions sterling. If the Argentine Republic takes as much gold as is now expected, the Bank will have to take measures to protect its reserve, and may be obliged to raise its rate to 5 per cent. before long.

BUSINESS in the Stock Exchange has been very inactive this week, owing to the uncertainty of the Money Market and to the *Liquidations* going on upon the Paris and Berlin Bourses. In New York, too, business has been greatly restricted, as yesterday and to-day the Stock Exchange there is closed. But the chief cause of the pause in speculation is the crisis in the Argentine Republic. The National Bank of the Republic has been obliged to suspend the payment of dividends owing to the losses sustained. And the interest on an Argentine City Loan, which was due on Tuesday, has not yet been paid, although it is said that it will be so early next week. All this has caused much uneasiness, and has made operators unwilling to increase their risks. In the meantime, however, trade all over the country is in a very satisfactory state, with the exception of the shipping trade. And the reports concerning the growing crops at home and abroad are exceedingly good. The prospectus is issued of the London and Suburban Co-operative Stores, Limited. The capital is to be £100,000 in £5 shares, 5s. payable on application, £1 5s. on allotment, and £1 10s. one month afterwards.

BARROW.

THE result at Barrow has fully justified those determined Liberals who insisted at all risks on fighting Mr. Caine. It is undoubtedly the most remarkable and the most important victory that has taken place since 1886, for reasons which we shall point out presently. But even if the event had been different, the action of the Barrow Liberals would have been abundantly justified. They were justified in turning a deaf ear to the trumpery plausibilities of the tacticians, and boldly plunging into all the perils of a three-cornered contest. Let us look at the facts. Who was Mr. Caine? To begin with, he was one of the most active, noisy, and mischievous of those who in 1886 refused to give Mr. Gladstone a chance of modifying and amending his Irish plan. If Mr. Caine had, by abstaining from voting, allowed the Bill of 1886 to be read a second time, and so allowed the principle of Home Rule to be affirmed, the party would have come together again, and we should have avoided five years of coercion in Ireland, and distraction among Liberals in England. Next, after doing his best to break up his party, Mr. Caine was the most truculent of all the assailants of his old leader and his old friends. Nobody used worse language than Mr. Caine or did more within the sphere of his influence—a very moderate sphere, we admit—to embitter the differences between the two sections into which the party had been unfortunately divided. He was an unflinching Coercionist, and a Coercionist he appears, from his replies to Mr. Henry Wilson, to remain to this very day.

We are not now blaming him either for being a Coercionist, or for being a truculent controversialist, or for voting against the Bill of 1886. But the Barrow Liberals would have been simpletons if they had forgotten all these things, when Mr. Caine's theatrical move gave them the chance of finding a better representative. What had happened to efface his highly objectionable record? He had taken an active and a manly part against the Compensation clauses, and Liberals owe him a full recognition of his useful services in this matter, though he egregiously over-estimates them. He had also taken the opportunity to sever himself from the Liberal Unionist party. But he never frankly professed that he was converted to the policy of the Liberal party. On the contrary, in every one of his manifestoes—manifestoes which curiously reminded one of General Boulanger and his black charger — he proclaimed that he remained where he had been in 1886, and that he was quite sure of his ability to extract concessions from Mr. Gladstone that would reduce Home Rule to safe dimensions. This was not the language of a sincere convert, and the Barrow Liberals knew that it was not. Were they, then, out of gratitude for Mr. Caine's useful help against Compensation, which was dead, and which would have been slain just as certainly without that help, to throw over their own candidate, and to hand themselves, their organisation, and their professions bodily over to a gentleman who openly boasted, in effect, that he would use the influence which his re-election would give him, in order to transform Mr. Gladstone into a sort of Liberal Unionist? Home Rule may be wise policy or foolish, but if Liberals are now to leave it in the way in which the Barrow Liberals were urged to leave it, as an open question, as a pious opinion, which men are free to play fast and loose with, then the Liberals have for four years been playing a bad comedy. If the Barrow Liberals had agreed to take their late member on his own terms, it would have been an invitation to the whole Trimmer species in every constituency in England to go over to Liberal Unionism in disguise, and we should all have nothing to do but to apologise to Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain for not having accepted their policy from their own hands four years ago.

We hold, then, that the Liberal Association were quite right in sticking to Mr. Duncan, and their courage has had its reward. The local organisation having taken this course, the party outside Barrow were bound to accept its decision, and any murmuring against Mr. Gladstone or anybody else for abiding by the local decision, shows a profound misunderstanding of one of the first principles of party combination. The fight against Compensation was over; and the temperance cause was safe before Mr. Caine resigned. The local Liberals were free to look simply at his attitude on the question on which, whether this man or that man chooses or not, the General Election must inevitably turn. Of that we need say no more. But there is one practical moral to be drawn from the contest. Though very simple, it has uncommonly important bearings on the future of the Liberal party. It is this, that those who have for four long years borne the brunt of one of the most arduous campaigns in our political history do not intend, on the very eve of success, meekly to lay down their arms, and haul down the flag, while the Dissentients walk out of the beleaguered place which they can no longer defend, with colours flying, and all the honours of war. The question is whether the minority are to capture the majority, or are to come over frankly and straightforwardly to the policy of the majority. Liberal leaders, Liberal writers in the Press, and the most active members of Liberal Associations all over the country, have been working for the policy of 1886 to be carried by a modification of the plan of 1886. Is all their labour to count for nothing, and are those on whom they have been for four years endeavouring in hundreds of speeches and thousands of articles to impress their views of the necessity of a thoroughgoing reconstruction of Irish government, now to be told that the reconstruction of Irish government is secondary to the reunion of the Liberal party, even if that reunion be effected on terms to be dictated by the Dissentient fraction? Barrow has settled that question once and for all. If the old split can only be healed by a surrender to gentlemen who boast that "Mr. Gladstone is coming to them, and it is not they who are going to Mr. Gladstone," then Barrow makes it certain that any such healing of the old split will be instantly attended by a new split far more formidable still. That is the plain truth, and a vastly important truth it is. Whatever Liberal leaders might say, strong and evident as may be the exhortations of excellent men like Mr. Guinness Rogers and others to reconciliation and reunion, it is clear that the militant Liberals in the constituencies mean to stand to their guns and their policy. Tactics or no tactics, they do not mean to throw themselves into the arms of every Dissentient who may choose to pretend conversion, and mumble a few vague clauses about Irish self-government. We may like this, or we may dislike it, but so it is, and so it will be. The Radical Coercionists are not asked to pass under Caudine Forks, but it is clear that the Liberal associations mean them to go through a period of quarantine. They wish nothing but good to the penitent Unionist, but the returned prodigal is not to be allowed to turn the party household topsy-turvy. Of this undoubted fact, which faces us in the near future, the Liberal leaders

will do well to take note. Any attempt to water down Home Rule, to reduce legislature and executive, as was once said, to local vestry and parish-beadle, would not only at once cut off Mr. Parnell and his party; it would also alienate great bands of the best fighting men in every constituency in England, and lead to abstentions in 1891 far more numerous, and not any less disastrous, than the abstentions of 1886. We are all very much obliged to Mr. Caine for giving Barrow an opportunity of bringing this lesson home to the minds of all whom it concerns, and impressing on them the wisdom of governing themselves accordingly.

THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION.

THE political prophet is abroad, and on all sides we hear forecasts of the result of the next appeal to the electors of the United Kingdom. It is as a rule as thankless a task to predict the course of political affairs as to foretell the weather; but in the present condition of political parties in this country there is not only a greater justification for the attempt to forecast the future than usually exists, but better grounds than are generally to be found for giving to such a forecast a reasonable amount of authenticity. As to the result of the General Election, whenever it may take place, we venture to think that there is but little difference of opinion. It is true that some of the Ministerial newspapers, having partially recovered from the panic of last week, are now endeavouring in a feeble and hesitating manner to declare that after all a verdict against the present Government is not quite such a certainty as the nation at large believes it to be. But how desperate is the strait to which these blind leaders of the blind are reduced may be gathered from the fact that they seem to be building their hopes upon a comparison of recent bye-elections, not with the General Election of 1886, but with that of 1885. If Tories themselves are satisfied with the knowledge that at the next appeal to the country they will be no worse off than they were in 1885, we may well leave them to enjoy so cheap a consolation, merely pointing out that such a result would mean a united Liberal majority of at least 80 against the Conservative and Liberal Unionist coalition. The first point that demands consideration is as to the probable date of the General Election. We do not know that Ministers themselves have made up their minds as to the time at which they will submit themselves to the judgment of the country; probably they will continue, as most Ministries do, to follow the example of Mr. Micawber, and wait for that favourable opportunity which somehow or other never occurs. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that we are within measurable distance of the time when the lists will be reopened and the great national battle fought once more between the two parties in the State. No one accustomed to weigh probabilities will admit that the General Election can be deferred beyond the autumn of next year. The strong probability is that it will take place in the spring of 1891. It is possible—and perhaps if Ministers knew their own interests, this is the alternative which they would accept—that Parliament may be dissolved during the present year. On the whole, however, it is to some date about Easter next that we must look as that which is most likely to see the termination of the life of the present House of Commons.

We have said that there is a general consensus of opinion as to the result of the appeal to the country whenever it may be made. We believe that that result will be more decisively in favour of the Liberal party the longer the election is delayed; but even if the struggle were to be forced upon us within a few weeks, the issue would not be doubtful. With the exception of one circumstance, to which we shall refer by-and-by, there is not a cloud upon the prospects of Mr. Gladstone's followers. In Scotland, whether we judge by the bye-elections which have taken place since 1886, or by the notorious state of feeling throughout the country, we may feel confident that the next General Election will be nothing less than a repetition of 1880. In no part of the United Kingdom has the Liberal Unionist game been more completely played out than in North Britain, whilst the fortunes of Toryism, pure and simple, were never at a lower ebb there than they are to-day. In the North of England—Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire—though the gallant fight which was made by the Liberal party in 1886 does not leave so much ground to be regained now as in other parts of the country, there is no doubt on the part of the chiefs of the great party organisations that they will be able to win many seats now held by supporters of the Ministry. Even in Lancashire, although that county contains so many Tory strongholds, the prospects of the Liberals are most hopeful, and it is certain that most of the seats lost in 1886 will be recovered. South of Lancashire, if we except Birmingham, there is hardly a town or a county division in which the position of the Liberals is not immensely better than it was four years back. In Wales, despite the attempts which have been made to sow disunion in the party, a great Liberal victory is certain, and even in the south and west of England, among those scattered bodies of electors who have so long resisted the advance of Liberal opinions, there is not a spot where the position of the party is not stronger than it was in 1886; whilst in many important districts the change which has taken place has been so great as to make victory a certainty. London (including the home counties) stands by itself; but London has not been slumbering since the fatal day when it gave so large a poll in favour of the coercion of Ireland. Here we may read in the anxieties of our opponents even more plainly than in the hopes of our friends the sure prognostication of a political revolution at the next election. Social questions have no doubt a larger relative importance in many of the London constituencies than they possess elsewhere; but even on social questions the tide of feeling has turned in favour of the policy and programme of the Liberal party, and we do not doubt that before the day of battle dawns it will run in that direction still more strongly than it now does. Whether therefore we take as our guide the results of the bye elections, the confidential reports in the possession of the chief organisers of the Liberal party, or the laborious efforts which are being made by the Ministerialists to hide the sense of despair that now possesses them, we can come to no other conclusion than that the next appeal to the country will be followed by the triumph of that Liberal party to which long experience has shown that the majority of the people of Great Britain belong.

We have spoken of one blot upon the prospects of Liberalism. It is not any want of organisation, for though the organisation of the party must always leave something to be desired, upon the whole it is sufficiently sound and effective to satisfy reasonable men. But unquestionably two things are still wanting to make the next election all that good

Liberals desire that it should be. One of these is money. It was, if we mistake not, at the first meeting held by the Liberal dissentients, in 1886, that Mr. Chamberlain, in his most characteristic vein, boasted that on his side at all events the wealth of Liberalism was to be found. We cannot dispute the fact, though happily there are many notable and noble exceptions to the rule. It is therefore necessary that the sinews of war should be provided on a liberal scale if we are to cope successfully with the combined forces of social influence and wealth which we have to face. A yet more crying want on the part of the Liberals is that of suitable candidates. We know that this want is being rapidly supplied; but there are still too many constituencies which are unprovided with suitable representatives of the Liberal cause, and it cannot be too emphatically stated that herein lies the chief, we might say the only, danger that our party has to fear. When next the country is asked to decide upon the great questions which now divide it, there should not be a constituency which has not secured a Liberal candidate; and no greater mistake could be made than that of deferring the choice of candidates to the very eve of the contest. If any words of ours can weigh with the leaders of the party throughout the country, we would most earnestly impress upon them the necessity of seeing that, wherever candidates have not as yet been found, they should be secured forthwith. We have said that a dissolution is possible even during the present year; and perhaps if Ministers were wise, they would, in spite of the heavy load of discredit under which they labour, dissolve at once; but in any case the Liberal organisations will fail in their duty if long before the close of the present year they have not provided themselves with champions for the fight.

One word may be said as to the case of the Liberal Unionists. We do not by any means despair of seeing many of these dissentients restored to the fold. Indeed, so far as the rank and file of the Liberal Unionists are concerned the process of return has already begun and is going on daily. But when we consider the case of the Liberal Unionist members in the present Parliament, we fear that we can come to no other conclusion than that they must in every instance be treated as enemies at the next General Election. It is not that we doubt that many of them are now heartily sick of the hopeless contest in which they are engaged, and that not a few would be glad to stand before the constituencies which they now represent as Liberal candidates. All this may be taken for granted; but we cannot forget that during the last four years the Liberal party in the constituencies for which they sat has been forced into a position of direct and strong antagonism to them, and it cannot be expected that Liberals will support them with cordiality when the next election takes place. It would be practically impossible, as the case of Barrow proves, to evoke on behalf of any man who has been a supporter of the present Government during the *régime* of Mr. Balfour that spirit of enthusiasm which alone can ensure a great triumph for Liberalism at the coming General Election. It is morally certain that the Liberal Unionist party in the next Parliament will be an insignificant fraction of the entire Assembly, and it would be a serious mistake if in any constituency the Liberal cause were to be hampered by having as its representative an ex-Liberal Unionist. We have not spoken of the prospects in Ireland, simply because there is no need to do so. The victory which was achieved there in 1885, and repeated in 1886, will not be wanting in 1891.

THE CESSION OF HELIGOLAND.

AFTER a fortnight's reflection, the country is still uncomfortable over the cession of Heligoland. The Tories, who would have called for Mr. Gladstone's head if he had proposed to surrender a European possession of the British Crown, cannot bring themselves to applaud Lord Salisbury's act, and go on muttering to themselves that Disraeli would have managed better. The Radicals, who have not these scruples as to cession of territory, cannot approve of the handing over of two thousand people as if they were so many sheep, and have, moreover, grave doubts whether the African protectorates, for which Heligoland has been "traded away," may not turn out to be as much of a loss as of a gain. Everybody feels a little disquieted at the additional umbrage which France, already jealous and suspicious, has taken. And nobody knows what the worth of the island was to us, or may become to the Germans, for naval or military purposes. In considering these various sources of disquiet, we will begin with the last, for it is the simplest. The island is of little or no military value to England. We might no doubt fortify it, and if fortified, it would menace the whole neighbouring coast, and greatly facilitate a blockade of the Elbe and the Weser. But in point of fact we should not fortify it. The million of money spent in fortifications at Alderney now admitted to be useless has thoroughly disgusted us with that kind of expenditure. A war between England and Germany is highly improbable—we have never been at war with Germany since the days of Otto the Fourth, and seem most unlikely to have any adequate reason for fighting her. If such a war did come, we should be able in any case to blockade the Elbe and Weser, whether we had Heligoland or not, for Germany shows no signs of attempting to create a navy comparable to our own. She might no doubt fortify it, but the expenditure needed to make it strong enough to resist for a length of time naval attack by ourselves or by France, if she were at war with France, would be so gigantic that it is unlikely to be undertaken. Whoever holds the sea will be able to take Heligoland, as we took it in the great war. Its value to Germany is partly sentimental, partly the additional sense of security given by knowing that those who have till now retained the power of making it a point of menace, however little sign they have given of using that power, have finally divested themselves of that power.

If this reason for objecting to a cession vanishes on inspection, what is to be said of that which is based on the general impolicy of ceding European territory? We have all of us, in our secret souls, some sentimental repugnance to hauling down the flag and parting with a trophy of conquest. But in this case the cession is made under no menace, but as a pure matter of bargain. It shows that we are anxious for the friendship of Germany, not that we are afraid of her. Even the French regard it as rather a piece of sordid or spiteful policy, than as an acknowledgment of weakness. Whether friendship thus purchased is likely to be durable may be doubted, yet no one can say, considering the relations of the countries, that we derogate from our dignity in Europe any more than we did when Lord Palmerston—the spirited Foreign Minister *par excellence*—yielded the Ionian Islands to Greece.

What value the isle has for the fishermen of the east coast of England is a question on which the information presented is inconclusive. It is under-

stood that Lord Salisbury resigns to the Germans, with the island, the right of fishing within the three-mile limit, but seeks to retain some rights of using the shore, similar, it may be supposed, in a small way, to those which the French unhappily have on the west shore of Newfoundland. The Grimsby men think they are losing something, but the loss can hardly be great, or we should have heard much more of it.

Upon the next branch of the question—the wishes of the Heligolanders themselves—there is much less uncertainty. Evidently they wish to remain under the British Crown. They are not Germans, though their Frisian speech resembles the Low German of Holstein and Oldenburg. They hate soldiering in all its forms, and especially the idea of compulsory military service. They have at present very little to pay in the way of import duties or of direct taxation. They have never owned allegiance to any German prince, and have that curious pride in not being German subjects which one sometimes finds in a detached fragment of a large nation. So the people of Ticino do not want to be politically Italians; the people of Alsace did not want to be politically Germans; the few Spaniards of the Rock of Gibraltar would like nothing so little as to be reunited to Spain. In most of such cases, as obviously in the two last mentioned, motives of material advantage are involved; and so it is probably on material, not on sentimental grounds, that the attachment of the Heligolanders to Britain is to be found. Nevertheless, their wish to remain British is a plain fact, which even Lord Salisbury has not ventured openly to deny; and to absolutely ignore and disregard the feelings of a population is to set a pernicious example to Europe, and to preclude ourselves from expressing disapproval when other Powers may copy the precedent upon a larger scale. Even Louis Napoleon, when he annexed Savoy and the territory round Nice, paid a certain homage to principle, however farcical may have been the methods, in taking a popular vote of the inhabitants. The only answer that can be made is the old one of *de minimis*. The scale of the offence is certainly very small; and if high policy requires that Heligoland should be transferred to Germany, the wishes of two thousand people can hardly be suffered to bar the way. It is clear, however, that everything that can be done ought to be done to safeguard the interests of the Heligolanders. At present they fear not only a harsher rule, but the practical loss of their soil by the erection upon its narrow area of vast fortifications. Some steps ought to have been taken to secure a longer immunity than twenty years from compulsory service; to provide that if fortifications cover the ground of the island ample compensation shall be given to the expropriated inhabitants; and to secure for those who may wish to remain British subjects full and easy opportunities of settling in other parts of Her Majesty's dominions.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that though the cession of Heligoland may conceivably be a proper step, it is a disagreeable one, setting an unfortunate precedent, exciting apprehensions in quarters already sensitive, and only to be justified by strong considerations of policy, in fact, by a full and sufficient equivalent in strengthening the position of Britain elsewhere. In other words, as was observed in these columns a fortnight ago, the question simply is, Has this possession which Germany so much coveted, this trump card which Britain held, been disposed of for what it was worth? To answer this question would require another examination of the African compromise, whose full terms we do not yet know, though every fresh disclosure, such as that of the allocation of the island of Mafia to Germany, makes it seem more favourable than at first to the latter Power. For our own part, we find little pleasure and some cause for disquiet in these assumptions of responsibility for vast tropical territories. But the fact stands out, and no difference of opinion as to the merits of the African bargain can affect it, that Britain held in 1886, when Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery resigned office, that very control at Zanzibar which Heligoland has now been bartered away to recover. All the drawbacks to the cession of Heligoland are therefore seen to be the results of the weak and wavering policy of Lord Salisbury. When the country wakes up to cast upon his conduct of foreign affairs the same strong light which has revealed the short-sighted policy of his government at Westminster and in Ireland, the former will be seen to merit that condemnation which has already overtaken the latter.

TORY DISCONTENT.

THERE is something almost pathetic in the way in which the organs of the Liberal Unionist party cling to the belief that all is still for the best in this best of all possible worlds, that a great and powerful Ministry has a firm grip upon the reins of authority, and that behind this great and powerful Ministry—a sort of guardian angel and master-engineer rolled into one—stands the heroic figure of Lord Hartington, ready, should any sudden peril demand his intervention, to cover with his invulnerable shield the bodies of his allies. It is pathetic, this sublime and unquestioning faith, for it is in truth nothing more than the faith of despair. The Liberal Unionists believe, not because belief is impossible, but because they know too well that if their faith is not well founded their own doom is sealed beyond recall. "The talk of reconstruction," said the *Spectator* last Saturday, "is certainly premature, and we hope and believe quite misleading. It is a great thing to have Lord Hartington in reserve if the Salisbury Ministry should do anything that discredits it with the mass of English electors; but as yet certainly it has not done so." The ship is foundering on an iron-bound coast; captain and officers have virtually given themselves up as lost; already as wave after wave of disaster, each fiercer than the last, crashes over the doomed vessel, the process of breaking-up has visibly begun; but down below in the cabin is one simple-minded passenger, who tries to reassure herself by repeating, parrot-like, "All is well—all must be well; and if there should be any danger, they will send for my boy John to help them."

It is sublime, this faith which flies in the face of facts; but it is hardly statesmanship. Let us pause for a moment to admire, and then pass on to something more practical—the manifest discontent of the Tory party with the Tory Ministry. This is no figment of our own imagination. It is writ large in the pages of the Tory newspapers. For two weeks past the *Times* and the *Standard* have hardly allowed an opportunity to pass of striking savagely at Ministers. The latter have followed only too closely the advice of those particular newspapers; they have in consequence been involved in disasters the most humiliating that have ever been encountered by a Government; and now they are being reviled for their incompetence, their mismanagement, their want of vigour and courage, by the very journals which lured them to their ruin. But it is not only in the *Times* and the *Standard* that we find proofs of the bitter

discontent of the Conservative party. If we look to some of those minor organs of Tory opinion which speak rather for sections of the party than for the party as a whole, we see still clearer evidence of the same fact. The *St. James's Gazette*, for example, though it cannot be called a political organ of importance, has always exercised a certain degree of independence, and has preached a Conservatism which has at least been thoroughgoing and consistent. For weeks past its columns must have been bitter reading to the mere party man; nor can the bitterness be mitigated by any attempts which it may now make to disguise its hatred of a policy which, up to the moment at which it had actually been adopted by Ministers, it denounced with unsparing vigour. There is the *Scots Observer*, again—that curious product of the Anglicised Scottish intellect which aspires to represent the young bloods of the Tory party north of the Tweed—is it really satisfied, along with the *Spectator*, that Ministers have done nothing to discredit themselves? If we turn to its pages of last Saturday, we read such words as these: "The political events of the last fortnight will put a broad black mark upon the history of the time. . . . It would be absurd to deny that the party suffers deeply for the blindness of its chiefs, since nothing in the world is more obvious; whilst . . . the Gladstonians have gained, and will gain greatly, not only through the extraordinary mismanagement of the House of Commons leadership, but by the Heligoland humiliation. . . It should be said that a greater variety of accumulative mistakes has never been committed on the front bench of the House of Commons in a similar space of time."

We need not pursue our study of the Tory newspapers further. Indeed, what man is there who moves about in the world who does not know that at this moment the whole Tory party is seething with an almost savage sense of discontent? The supporters of the Ministry are discontented with almost everything that Ministers have done during the present year: with their introduction of measures which none of them really like, with their management of public business, with their blunders in Ireland, and, above all, with their foreign policy. What would be the result of a ballot at the Tory clubs on the question of Heligoland, for example? And who among them really likes the settlement arrived at in East and Central Africa? It is not, however, with the mere fact of this Tory discontent that we are concerned, so much as with the direction in which it appears to find vent. The Ministerial party are now blaming the Liberal Unionists, and above all the Liberal Unionist leaders, for their misfortunes. One of the papers already quoted, remarked a week ago that "it would be a very great injustice to the Cabinet if we forgot that in all its goings and comings it is pretty much at the mercy of a small band of politicians allied but unattached, dissentient from Conservatism as well as from Gladstonianism, and sincerely incapable of comprehending why their ideas and wishes should not control the whole governmental machine." That is now the temper in which the Liberal Unionists are regarded by the Tory rank and file. Nor is it wholly an unreasonable temper. We think, indeed, as we said last week, that the case of the Liberal Unionists is a specially hard one. Their right to complain is much stronger than that of their Tory allies. But on the other hand it must, in common fairness, be admitted that Lord Salisbury's political supporters may well grow impatient when they realise the fact that there is a power behind the throne; that whilst Tory Ministers have to bear the whole burden of responsibility for their actions, and can shift no part of the blame for their mistakes upon other shoulders, they are not themselves free agents. The errors of Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain have to be borne by Ministers in addition to their own. The position is one which cannot be defended by Constitutional precedent, and which certainly cannot be much longer maintained. If the present majority are to remain in office, there must be a fusion of the two parties composing it. From the Tory point of view it is obviously intolerable that Ministers, whilst bearing the whole burden of responsibility, should have to submit their policy and their programme to politicians who decline to share their risks. We have heard much of the "self-sacrifice" of Lord Hartington and his friends, but we are very much mistaken if we do not hear still more, in the not-distant future, of the sacrifices which, for purely selfish reasons, they are imposing upon those to whom they are now allied—sacrifices to which it is quite certain the Tory party will submit no longer.

A CHAPTER IN AUSTRALIAN HISTORY.

ALL is well that ends well, and after protracted delays, tiresome and profitless discussions, and much weak vacillation in the Colonial Office, the Bill for giving responsible government to West Australia has passed in the shape desired by all good friends of an enlightened and prudent Colonial policy. The great issue was whether the new Legislature was to have control of a certain vast tract of land. The Colonial Office at first made no objection. Then the partisans in the press of what they absurdly call a high imperial policy raised a boisterous outcry about robbing the British democracy of its inheritance. The Secretary of State was alarmed by this ignorant and heedless stuff, and inserted restrictive clauses accordingly. The colonists accepted the restrictive clauses, because they were told that that was the only way of coaxing Parliament to pass the Bill; but they made no secret of their conviction that the supposed safeguards would be so much waste-paper. The Committee to which the Bill was referred speedily perceived that the two restrictive clauses would undoubtedly lead to much friction, were unwise in themselves, and would wholly miss the object of those who inspired and framed them. The Committee struck out both clauses. The Government assented in the case of one of them, but declared their intention of restoring the other. Again, however, they changed their minds, and acquiesced in the exclusion of both. Meanwhile the journalists who sail in a Jingo boat under Radical colours assured us that the House of Commons would make short work of the decision of its Committee, and would "kick the Bill into the gutter" (it is not always easy to reconcile energy in exhortation with elegance of phrase). Happily, Parliament has not suffered itself this time to be "bounced" out of its own judgment by leading articles; the Bill has emerged safe from the ordeal, and one more Colony will have responsible government under the only conditions which would leave the gift worth having. Some of the Radicals, we are sorry to say, even at the eleventh hour, moved amendments which showed a curiously imperfect grasp of the question, and it was curious to find the stubborn Colonial policy of George III. surviving in the honest bosom of Sir George Campbell. One wished to delay the admission of West Australia to responsible government until the Legislature there had accepted all the brand-new improvements of modern democracy. He and others persisted in this, in the face of the strongly-expressed desire of

the leader of the elective minority in West Australia that the British Parliament would leave them to work out their constitutional salvation in their own way. Another member insisted that the new legislative body should be precluded from making laws in restraint of immigration. As if it were feasible to force emigrants upon a Colony against its will, or to send a hundred or a thousand of the unemployed, under the protection of a squad of English policemen armed with an Act of the Imperial Parliament, to make a good living on tropical lands where it takes five acres to nourish one sheep! Such is the beatific vision of the new school of Cromwellian philanthropy! A third urged Parliament to forbid the West Australian Legislature to alienate the public land in freehold. As if it were not the main object in life of the working man in Australia to acquire the freehold of his house and garden, and as if that were not one of the strongest motives of the British working man in finding his way to Australia! On all this, however, we said quite enough a few weeks ago, and no more need be said now than that it is highly satisfactory that in the end sensible counsels have prevailed both in Parliament—which, in spite of many appearances to the contrary, is a tolerably sensible body if you give it time—and in the Colonial Office, which does not seem to have much sense of its own, but, in this case at any rate, has achieved Hesiod's second degree of wisdom, namely, deferring to the wisdom of other people who know better than oneself.

LORD CARNARVON AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

LORD CARNARVON'S tenure of Cabinet office scarcely reached five years in all; but what he did will leave its mark on the destiny of many people in many lands. His work was always original, generally impulsive, and occasionally misconceived; but on the whole the good outweighed the mischief. His first experience of office was in 1858, when he became Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. This brief period of subordinate employment served little other purpose than to ear-mark him as the Colonial Statesman of his party. In 1866, he returned to the Colonial Office as Secretary of State, but only to leave again in the following March. In speaking of his first period of Cabinet office, his name is usually associated with the measure for the federation of the North American Colonies into the Dominion of Canada. He had, however, nothing to do with the inception or framing of that measure, which had been made ready for his hand by infinite consultation and compromise between the Colonial statesmen concerned; but he introduced it into the House of Lords in a graceful and appreciative speech, displaying the quality which was one of his good points as a Colonial Minister—the courage to give utterance to those unchastened sentimentalities so dear to the Colonial mind. The best work which he did at the Colonial Office during that time was in winding up the business of the Jamaica rebellion, laying the foundations of a new system which, under Sir John Peter Grant, was to transform the island from a laughing-stock among Colonial possessions into a sound and well-ordered community. Always keenly sensitive to human suffering and hating oppression, he took the opportunity to strike a blow at the system then surviving in many Crown Colonies, whereby the Government was armed in advance with statutory authority to proclaim martial law at its discretion. Lord Carnarvon rightly held that resort to this dread measure should only be had under the full personal responsibility of the Governor at the moment of danger, and subject to the chances of indemnity or repudiation, according as the measure did or did not approve itself to the judgment of the Home Government and the conscience of the public. Since then, we have heard nothing of the infantry ensign who used to stiffen his cat-o'-nine-tails with piano-wire. When Lord Carnarvon returned to the Colonial Office in 1874, his first task was to deal with the problems resulting from the Ashanti War. Having provided a powerful native force, recruited from the Houssa tribe, the Sikhs of West Africa, he proceeded with great audacity and resolution to decree the abolition of slavery throughout the whole extent of the British protectorate—thus freeing about 400,000 human beings—a number not far short of that affected by the measure of West Indian emancipation. In the recent licensing controversy, it has been often said on behalf of the brewers that even the West Indian slave-holders were compensated, and that by the Whigs. The answer to such an argument is that the West Indian precedent is stale. In the later African case, a Tory Government released half a million of slaves without granting a penny to their masters. The measure, although adopted solely on the grounds of humanity, had an extraordinary economical effect in stimulating industry among the natives, now all working for themselves, and thus increasing trade and revenue. The Gold Coast and Lagos have become centres of civilisation and enlightenment for the whole interior of West Africa. In South Africa, Lord Carnarvon's policy, ill-directed and unfortunate as it was, has probably done good in the long run. In doing what he did, he was at first little more than an automaton in the hands of Mr. Froude. In 1874, Mr. Froude happened to be visiting South Africa; and there the author of "The Nemesis of Faith" entirely lost his head from joy at discovering a whole population which still believed in and lived up to its Old Testament. He was, moreover, excited beyond measure by the conduct of English officialdom towards his new-found heroes. He feared that the Home Government was being hurried by its officials into a policy of reconquering the Republics, thereby alienating the whole white population of South Africa, and probably losing our sovereignty of the country, and with it our only safe war-road to India. He conceived a totally opposite policy, that of a Confederation, which, in fact, would have been little else than the creation of a Dutch Republic under British protection, and ruling the natives with a rod of iron. It is doubtful if Lord Carnarvon ever perceived the full drift of this audacious policy. At all events, after summoning Mr. Froude to confer with him, he accepted the idea of Confederation, and summoned a Conference at Cape Town on the subject. In his despatch, prompted doubtless by Mr. Froude, he took upon himself to name the delegates for the Cape Colony. One was to be the Cape Premier, the other a Mr. Paterson, leader of the Opposition. Fancy General Caprivi suggesting to England that it might be represented at a Berlin Conference by Lord Salisbury and Mr. O'Brien! The mention of Mr. Paterson's name damned the whole scheme effectually. From this time forward, Lord Carnarvon literally floundered in South African policy. Finding that he could not get a Conference at the Cape, he summoned one in London; but the Cape and the Transvaal were unrepresented, and the thing was a fiasco. Then he despatched Sir Theophilus Shepstone on a mission to South Africa with an extraordinary Commission,

directing him to annex something, but not specifying what. The excuse for the mission was the fact that the Transvaal had received a check in attacking a mountain fortress belonging to the Chief Sikukuni, and that the President was writing hectoring letters to Cetewayo on a boundary question. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, greatly pondering over the terms of his unintelligible commission, came dubiously to the conclusion that the Transvaal was the place which Lord Carnarvon meant him to annex, although his lordship more probably had Zululand in mind. At all events the thing got done, perhaps to Lord Carnarvon's surprise as much as to that of anyone. Being done, he approved it with a light heart, thus shattering at one pen-stroke the policy of Boer-conciliation with which Mr. Froude had indoctrinated him. It is fair to say that he had left office—on the Eastern Question—before the full horrors of the annexation had developed themselves. He was not an obstinate man, and, if he had remained, would have undone his handiwork as lightly as he did it; thus, at any rate, saving the country the deep shame of the Boer war and the Majuba disaster.

The part which Lord Carnarvon played in Irish affairs was of lasting importance. He was used as a cat's-paw, or rather stalking-horse; but he came out of the ordeal with his own honour unsullied. His speech in the Lords before going over to Ireland was not so much the funeral oration as the *coup de grâce* of "Coercion." The reappearance of coercion in 1887 was not so much a revival as a disinterment—followed by the usual consequences to those who attempt such an insanitary proceeding. Of Lord Carnarvon's work as Chairman of the Colonial Defence Commission it is impossible to speak in detail. The labours of the Commission have never been made public; but the results are rising before our eyes every day in a network of Imperial defence which, it is not too much to say, would enable us to sweep any two rivals from the sea in a single year. This good result is greatly due to Lord Carnarvon, who, although often unequal to the civil problems with which he had to deal, possessed the inherited aptitude of an aristocrat for questions of military administration.

THE HOUSING OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE housing of the working classes is one of the most fundamental questions of social reform. It scarcely yields in importance to that extension of the Factory Acts which seems to be the only immediately practicable method of direct attack on the sweating system. It is a matter of simple humanity. In the narrow, ill-arranged, crowded, and noisome tenement rooms in which multitudes of our poorer people dwell, the family life, upon which we base our suffrage and our civilisation, is cramped, stunted, and poisoned. It takes a vivid imagination for a comfortable reader of this review to strip his own habits of living, fold after fold, of all which depends upon space, order, quiet, and cleanliness, and conceive what his range of work, thought, enjoyment would be under the conditions of one small room for man, wife, and children for all times and all purposes. And yet we expect from these people an industrious and sober life, and an intelligent vote.

The question, therefore, is fundamental. And it is pre-eminently a London question. Mr. Charles Booth says there are some 200,000 families—that is, 1,000,000 persons—living in London on about a pound a week per family. Lord Salisbury, in his article on this subject in 1883, said that the efforts of the Peabody Trustees and the great Artisans' Dwellings Companies did not, on the whole, reach the workman whose wages ruled below 25s.; and the same remark applied to the suburban cities which in Essex and elsewhere tempt the better-off artisan to live out of town. The result of this calculation would therefore be that 200,000 or 300,000 rooms are wanted for the dwellings of this class. No doubt many are fairly provided for. Private building has done something; though I am under the impression that the bulk of the private building must also be carried to the credit of the aristocrats who revel in luxury on 25s. a week.

But I do not believe that the task of supplying this vast need (*demand* is a technical term) can be accomplished by private effort. Commercial enterprise has on the whole pursued the better paid workman; and, on a question of percentage, private trading is generally right. The fact is, the ground is already occupied by larger houses, built for single families, and now come down in the world. The single rooms in these houses let readily, and so long as they let the owner is not foolish enough to risk a speculation in flats. Building is a game at which it is easy to lose. There is fashion in neighbourhoods among the poor as among the rich; and so long as the sanitary authorities will let you alone, it is safest to draw your rents and spend nothing. The constant clearings for railway extension, business premises, and new streets, give the landlord a practical monopoly which checks improvement.

Can the public power, then, so act through sanitary law, as not only to drive out the bad buildings, but also to compel better? It is very doubtful. Sanitation may be improved, and the County Council empowered peremptorily to suppress the worst scandals of the slums. But this is an indirect method, and will work only partially and slowly. The effect of closing a filthy cottage is not immediately to induce the owner to pull it down and build better rooms for the same tenant. He sells the place for a warehouse, or, at best, for model dwellings for a superior class of workmen. And what is to become of the tenants when he pulls down the rookery about their ears? It is probably best to put the destructive and constructive powers into the same hands. Besides, the sanitary law does not hit the main evil, which is that the whole structure of the tenement house is unfit for its purpose. A vast mass of the poor must for long enough to come live on the one family one room system; what can be done is to fit the building with such appliances for common use as to mitigate the horrors of that mode of life, and prepare the way for its abolition.

The vestries have been tried, and in this question of housing have failed. Some of them are not too honest in the matter, and all are afraid of spending money. London would be better dealt with as a whole, and by the County Council. District Councils, when they come, will help in the work, under central supervision. And the powers of the County Council must be given with a liberal hand. What will they be?—First: simple compulsory power to buy land, to build and let dwellings; cheap methods of purchase, moderate compensation, still more moderate law costs. In the case of dilapidated property the price should be reduced by the estimated expense of putting it into sanitary condition.

Secondly, as to ways and means: if there be any expense which is fairly chargeable on the increasing value of the soil, it is the cost of rebuilding for the poor. It may be raised in either or both of the following ways, namely, by an increase of the property tax, as recommended by Mr. Reid's Bill, or by a special death duty on London fixed property.

It is estimated that an extra penny on the property tax, and a penny in the pound on the capital value of immovable estate, would produce not far from half a million a year.

But, indeed, a much smaller, and perhaps temporary, special revenue would enable the County Council to accomplish an immense and rapid reform in tenements. What has to be provided for is only working capital, and any losses; and there might well be little or no loss. With money borrowed under 3 per cent., low rents might still repay expenses. The very possession of building powers in the background, coupled with a more drastic sanitary law and a more searching Building Act, might result in an improved private supply of dwellings. The Peabody Trustees have stimulated, not supplanted, the Artisans' Dwellings Companies. The money raised under the special tax would be a circulating fund, coming in as well as going out.

Private enterprise, it is said, would be checked. Most of the private enterprise, I believe, aims at another market. When it does not, it is of doubtful advantage to the permanent interest of the public. It works for immediate profit, and has every chance of passing off inferior articles. Besides, it is the speculator rather than the tradesman who would be displaced. The County Council would not personally draw plans and lay bricks. They would employ an architect and a builder; only they would not sacrifice efficiency to immediate return, they would obtain very cheap capital, and they would work on a large scale. There is no reason why they should not manage dwellings as well as the Peabody Trustees do. Or they might organise philanthropy by leasing them to some Octavia Hill.

To give the poor man a fair choice of abode, of a room built for its actual use, with decent washing and cooking places, a courtyard and a flat roof, a barrow shed, and perhaps a donkey stall, a club-room and coffee tavern, all at single room price, —this, though far from a civilised standard, would be a result well worth some sacrifice of theory, and even some loss of public money, some abortive effort, some unlucky failures.

And from an even larger point of view, a powerful central authority is very desirable. It is said that London needs to be Hausmannised. English taste would eclipse Hausmann; but it is true and supremely important that there should be in the brain of some committee of the County Council an ideal London, a definite plan, to work to for fifty years to come, of a place in which it would be both a pride and a pleasure to all classes to live. Such a scheme would tend to elevate all our conceptions of municipal life, would raise public spirit, refine public taste, attract the gifts of the wealthy to great public objects, and ennoble the whole spirit of the nation. With such a scheme, nothing would be wasted; improvements would be final, and every step gained, gained once for all.

PERCY WILLIAM BUNTING.

PANITZA: A SKETCH.

VANITY, jealousy, hatred; these are the failings which marred the great qualities of Manof Panitza and which, after degrading him from the position of ardent patriot to that of convicted traitor, have brought his career to such a miserable end. It is a painful thing to see thus concluded a life that should have been one of the most glorious in the history of Bulgaria. Major Panitza was born in 1852, in Eastern Roumelia, and after studying in the native school he passed some years in Russia. On his return he was most active in organising the movement that many years afterwards resulted in the revolution of Philippopolis: so active at all times was he in his efforts towards throwing off the hateful yoke of the Turk, that it would hardly be an exaggeration to call him the liberator of his native province.

He took part in the Servian war with Turkey, having joined the Bulgarian Legion; but not till, the wheel of fortune having gone round, it became necessary for Bulgaria to fight its former ally, did his brilliancy as a military leader become manifest. His was a contingent, indeed, that required a commander of no ordinary character, made up as it was in the first instance of Macedonian brigands and of criminals escaped or let loose from prison. Thanks to dauntless courage and that nameless magnetic quality common to leaders of men, Panitza mastered this dreadful gang and ended by transforming it into one of the most formidable regiments of the whole army. Later indeed his prestige obtained him recruits from the higher as well as the lower classes. When leading his men back to Sofia after the war, Panitza received orders to disarm them, a wise precaution in view of their antecedents. This measure was naturally unpopular with them, and one young man, the son of a rich merchant, refused to give up his rifle, feeling assured that his colleagues would follow suit. In Panitza's action we have an instance of his indomitable character. He repeated the order, and the young man still refusing, raised his own rifle and shot him dead on the spot. By the fascination of his person, for he added charm of manners to beauty rare amongst Bulgarians, no less than by the brilliancy of his military services, Panitza was the idol of the Bulgarian army, and his prestige throughout the country and in Macedonia was very great.

Curiously enough Panitza was not on the best of terms with Prince Alexander before the *coup d'état*: afterwards he yielded to none in devotedness to the Prince and hatred of Russia.

Vanity and jealousy began their work from the commencement of Prince Ferdinand's reign. Never on good terms with M. Stambuloff, he yet saw in him a man indomitable as himself, and endowed with a statesmanship to which he could not pretend. It is difficult to say where loyalty to Prince Alexander ceased, and where jealousy of M. Stambuloff began; the two feelings mingled presently with hatred of the new Prince, and although he did his duty admirably at Bourgas in suppressing the rising, Panitza fell away gradually from the Government.

For some time he occupied himself with attempts at fostering an insurrection in Macedonia with a view to extending Bulgaria in that direction, but this was discountenanced most wisely by M. Stambuloff, and thenceforth his bitterness increased. Loyalty to Prince Alexander was now out of the question—for Bulgaria, Alexander no longer existed; and Panitza grew utterly reckless, mingled with the enemies of his country—the Russians he had so bitterly hated—and fell. Panitza the patriot had become Panitza the traitor!

From personal pique Panitza nearly brought ruin on his country; and his life will stand out as another proof of the fact that selfishness and patriotism will not blend.

A JUDGE ON JOURNALISM.

LORD COLERIDGE has published in the *New Review* the address he delivered a short time ago to the Institutes' Union at Birmingham. To lectures of this kind the Lord Chief Justice tells us he attaches small importance; not small enough, however, to prevent him from appealing to a large circle of readers in one of the very periodicals which he deprecates as instruments of opinion. On this trifling inconsistency we are not disposed to dwell.

Lord Coleridge is so suave, so kindly, so humane, in the best literary sense, that we resent nothing in his extra-judicial opinions except the circumstance that they are so rare. Yet candour compels us to say that the Lord Chief Justice suffers from the defect of most judges and preachers. They are restive under criticism. They are not contradicted in their own spheres, except by daring counsel, or by aggrieved parishioners who never go to church without a copy of the Public Worship Act. And as the perennial spring of criticism is the newspaper, all journalism is regarded by the Bench and the clergy with a curious mixture of deference and distrust. In past times judges have shown a very conspicuous anxiety to treat the Press as the enemy of the public peace. We have changed all that; but there remains a judicial jealousy of the power which moves masses of opinion, as Napoleon moved horse, foot, and artillery, with overwhelming force upon a given point. The administration of the law, important as it is, stands so far apart from the ordinary current of public affairs, that a judge has as little to do with the formation of opinion as one of the Pyramids with the rise of the Nile. This fact has a curious influence on the various temperaments which adorn the Bench. Some judges are irritated because they cannot address a journalist as if he were the foreman of a jury caught in a web of purely legal technicalities. When they descend into the arena of controversy they display an unjudicial vehemence. At least, one of our most eminent judges holds his own in fierce political bigotry against the traditions of Eldon and Thurlow. On the other hand, Lord Coleridge, in virtue of his wider sympathies, strikes the note of deprecation and not of intolerant dissent, and urges us to deal with abuses in a spirit of imperceptible discouragement and not of bold attack.

But even the Lord Chief Justice almost loses his serenity when he demands the authority of anonymous journalism. Some credit he is disposed to allow to writers with distinguished names. In the course of an historical survey, scarcely to the point, he remarks incidentally that Lord Bolingbroke was "the first and perhaps the greatest of pamphleteers." Then he doubts "if our present instructors" would have fared very well at the hands of Milton. Perhaps an anonymous journalist might correct Lord Coleridge's chronology by pointing out that as Milton wrote pamphlets before Bolingbroke was heard of, the latter could not have been the "first" pamphleteer. The point is small, yet we are fain to suggest that the rudiments of literary history are not unknown to writers with whose names Lord Coleridge is unacquainted. They are also aware that Milton's pamphlets detract seriously from his reputation, and that his biographers have agreed to smile at his logic, and to lament his invective. But with this Miltonic inspiration upon him, Lord Coleridge proceeds to question the right of any journalist to express an opinion which is not supported by a distinguished signature, or "a well-recognised pseudonym." "What do we know," he asks, "who they are who lay down the law for us day by day on all things human and divine, who reflect rather than create public opinion, and give currency to thoughts generally speaking not their own—where they come from, what they know, what are their characters, what powers they have beyond that of smart writing?" To this we might reply that the business of a journalist is to cultivate a habit of discrimination which has a much wider scope than that of a judge, that he devotes himself to affairs for which no lawyer, however eminent, has any time, and that if he understands his true function, his highest aim, as Mr. Frederick Greenwood points out in an admirable paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, is to be independent: if he fulfils these duties, what concern is it of any man to ask who he is, or where he comes from? It is equally his business to express his own thoughts, and to give public utterance to the thoughts of others. In either case, his work must be judged on its own merits; and any personal inquisition, such as Lord Coleridge proposes, is purely irrelevant. True, the journalist may be, as the Lord Chief Justice observes with less than his usual urbanity, "a poorer creature in the flesh" than in his pages. This is an infirmity which he shares with other men, even with judges. The majesty of the Bench is not always impressive when its wisdom is deprived of the wig, and its wit is unaccompanied by the usher.

No doubt it is a commonplace that you must live with a man to know him. Lord Coleridge knew intimately "four men who did little else but write in periodicals of various characters and various opinions." This knowledge gave him a mild contempt for their capacity as public guides. They were charming, they were lovable, but they had weaknesses; and had the world known these, it would not have adopted their views. Now here is a really singular theory of literature and journalism. Does Lord Coleridge mean to say that had Hazlitt's public been acquainted with his ridiculous craze for a certain young woman up two pair of stairs, it would not have appreciated his literary criticism? It is not only the anonymous journalist who must be subjected to this remarkable test. We must take the writers with distinguished names and "well-recognised pseudonyms"; we must call upon them, we must spend a week or a month in close observation of their personal peculiarities; we must cross-examine them at every opportunity; and if we find anything in their character or intelligence which does not accord with our judgment, we must decline to accept their authority about Heligoland, or compensation to the publicans. This is a kind of intellectual and moral censorship which Lord Coleridge might find embarrassing, even if he applied it to Milton. For how could he approve of "Paradise Lost," when he remembered that the poet proposed to commit bigamy, and to be a law unto himself in the trifling matter of divorce? On the whole, we may assure Lord Coleridge that it is sufficient to judge a writer by the main body of his work, without any ordeal of personal companionship, and that as the Lord Chief Justice admits the immense good done by the Press, he may be quite certain that much of it was due to men who have gone to their graves without the distinction of being known to him.

THE WORSHIP OF THE GLADIATOR.

A NUMBER of those ruffians in broadcloth who are the very worst of the breed had a select entertainment at the Pelican Club the other night (the Pelican Club is the club from which someone recently had to resign for not conducting himself like a gentleman!). The Pelicans had a prize fight in their own rooms; and, under the presidency of a noble lord, they sat out the sickening affair till one man had pummelled another into a state worse than insensibility. It was not called a prize fight; it was called a glove contest, but the noble sportsmen knew that a knuckle by any other name would hurt as much. In this instance, it gashed an eye into blindness with no difficulty whatever. In the last round, the beaten champion collapsed under a rain of blows, and when he saw there was no other way of avoiding them he held up his hand in token of defeat. The other one, according to the report, went on hitting him all the harder, till the poor creature's head fell on one side, and he was taken away. The Pelicans were in ecstasies; here was blood in plenty, and blood not drawn from their own breasts. Not one of them seems to have felt that natural compassion which precludes all pleasure in the sight of another's pain. The defeated man was manifestly sore pressed in the middle of the fight, yet the Pelicans sat on till, in sporting phrase, there was nothing of him left. It was vivisection without a purpose to redeem it. The small hard glove—a boxing glove only in name—does even more

damage than the fist. It is a *cestus* in leather. Can one conceive anything more disgusting than the spectacle of a man slowly pounded into collapse with an instrument of this sort? If it were right to wish for reprisals in kind, how nice would it be to see a round two dozen each distributed in the Pelican parterre. The loudest howls of pain and terror would for certain come from those who usually howl loudest in delight. The victor ruffian was a brown man, with a dash of negro blood in his veins, the other a white man. To make the sight more perfectly bestial, the brown man fought stark naked, save for a loin-cloth of bathing drawers. Loathly Pelicans, with such things for the pleasures of the nest!

The Pelicans are the better-to-do kind of sporting men—persons who have made money by betting, and by owning sporting papers, or have inherited it as tenth transmitters of a foolish face. Money is the badge of all their tribe, and they spend it in profusion on entertainments of this sort. They had without difficulty made up a purse of £500 for their hour's sport. Bets of a thousand pounds were offered as the naked and the half-naked stepped into the ring. The Ormonde Club, another institution of the kind, had maintained a keen pecuniary competition with the Pelican for the pleasures of the blood feast. It was outbid, but it has roused itself to fresh exertions in regard to a forthcoming contest, by a spirited offer of £1,000 to open the bidding. If the Pelican cannot improve on this, the next experiment in vivisection will take place at the Ormonde, with the police outside to keep the file as the carriages roll up to the door. Verily some of us have too much money, if others have too little, and a sight of this kind must lead to deeper searchings of heart on the question of the rights of property than all the pomp of the West End. The pugilists are proletarians who have found out a better way than carrying the hod. It is a way of selling the body to a prostitution of its true uses, as sickening as aught else known by the name. For this, they get the highest rewards of prostitution—unwonted luxury, the future patronage of the great, and a notoriety which seems fame to the awe-struck view of their native slums. No words can exaggerate the importance of a rough whose body is a thing of price. "Cablegrams" herald his coming to our shores. Meeker, yet still exultant, telegrams announce the arrival of his backers at St. Pancras. The backers are at once driven to the Pelican Club, and are entertained there by a noble lord. The very hotel where their man goes for training in the heart of quiet Rutlandshire was honourably mentioned in the sporting press. "Pleasant walks, lovely scenery," and "the best the country affords" in food and other creature comforts await the rough whose body has been sold to the arena. Poor devils of his order, whose bodies are not worth buying, hang about the purlieus of stations if haply they may see him pass in or out. When sellers and sold attend a sporting office to "sign articles," Fleet Street is blocked for hours. The sporting papers sell like hot cakes for their reports of what passed within the office, and hungry rascaldom, hearing of champagne flowing like water, and cigars with a smell sweeter than the smell of incense, wishes that it, too, had a body to sell. Interviewers await the leisure of these bullet-headed thinkers to learn their views on British institutions. They grunt out a commendation of the Coaching Club, or of the Monument in Fish Street Hill, and it obtains a publicity beyond the dreams of a Herbert Spencer or a Huxley pronouncing on the weightiest matters in life. West End tailors attend their *levée* in a futile attempt to make them look like gentlemen by an alarming sacrifice of tweeds. It will not do. Custom forbids the use of a face cloth; and eye, or lip, or jaw will for certain tell the tale of brutish origin or brutish tastes. On the other side, the rich fools enjoy their riot to the full, and, while waiting to see them fighting, get a foretaste of bliss by going down to see them weighed.

A GALLERY OF CRITICISM.

WHAT is called Literary Criticism may fairly enough be cut into two parts—one which deals with authors of established reputation either dead or alive, and seeks to estimate, or, to use a word which in this connection reeks unpleasantly of novelty, appreciate their permanent value and effect; and another, which attempts to bring down wisdom or folly as it flies—that is, to describe and characterise new books as and when they appear, or as soon thereafter as time and space—the reviewer's time and editorial space—permit.

This latter branch of Literary Criticism is very acute in these days, and may be heard creaking and groaning and swaying to and fro on every side. The daily as well as the weekly press give up room to it. It has become what is called a prominent feature. It occupies its present position partly because of the natural desire of a great many people to know what is happening in the book-market, and partly because it enables editors to fill a certain number of their columns with readable matter. It will not be denied that whole hosts of people read reviews of books they never intend to read. They read reviews, as mankind reads most things, to kill time. When they pronounce a review a good review they mean that it has interested them, or, better still, amused them. They care very little, often nothing, about the thing reviewed. This kind of literary criticism neither destroys books, nor sells them. What does sell a book? Nobody knows. In a recent number of an admirable magazine called *The Author*, which is conducted by that indefatigable well-informed and most useful man, Mr. Walter Besant, a letter appears from a gentleman who having written a book "of a serious character on a wide and all-important subject of human interest," price fourteen shillings, was not able to sell it until he had reduced the price to five shillings, and concentrated and massed together in large and glaring advertisements the best extracts he could select from the press notices the book had received on its first appearance. The book then sold. Its author does not think the reduction of price had anything to do with this, or the press notices themselves; he puts it all down to the large and glaring advertisements, and proceeds in a melancholy vein to make some observations about Pears' soap and cognate subjects. On the question of price we differ from this author. Between ten shillings and sixpence and three and ninepence there is a great gulf fixed not to be spanned even by a book "of a serious character." We are all dominated by ideas of price. If cigars could not be bought under eighteenpence a-piece hundreds of thousands of persons would never smoke another cigar in their lives. They would not reduce their consumption by one-third, they would leave off consuming.

It does, however, appear to be true that what are called good press notices no longer play the part they used to do in promoting the sale of books. To call them useless must be exaggeration, they cannot count for nothing. There are people who live in the country. We fall back upon them. They surely are influenced by what they read in their papers. A favourable notice in the *Guardian* has still, we are convinced, money in it.

It would be wrong to speak too lightly of this kind of daily and weekly criticism of new books. Authors are sensitive mortals. This remark has been made before. A word of praise, of friendly recognition, of thanks—how full of consolation it may be to the dissatisfied author who, before it fell upon his famished ear, saw nothing before him but the hell of failure!

Criticism is seldom savage in these days, and if merit escapes recognition it is the critic's head and not his heart that is at fault. To praise greatly, with warmth and enthusiasm, is a deep satisfaction. But if praise is impossible, what then? Perhaps

it would be best to say nothing. Is an author or artist entitled to cry, with Wordsworth's Butterfly, to the Cock-robins of Criticism—

"Love me or leave me alone"?

It may be; so but if an author is left alone, his publishers, who send their publications for notice, grow angry and send no more. They, at any rate, prefer censure to silence. The whole question is very troublesome.

When we turn from this part of literary criticism to the first part, the one which deals with authors of established reputation, we get rid at once of all external difficulties. It is no longer a question of doing good or harm. No critic can do Lord Tennyson, or Cardinal Newman, or George Meredith, any harm; they have passed beyond the reach of the Press. The duty of criticism, then, is not a duty we owe to them, but to ourselves. We are bound for our own sakes to go on considering wherein their excellences consist, how they compare with other poets, rhetoricians, novelists; and why it is we admire them—not as we did, but as we do.

Criticism of this character ought not to be passed by. It lacks the charm of novelty and the excitement of discovery. To discuss genius in the corners of a country newspaper, or in a volume printed for private circulation, or at the back of the stage, or through the haze, or amidst the crudity of youth, is and should ever be an ambition of the critic, an ambition he is all the more likely to realise if he devotes a great part of his time to the study of really important writers.

This work should always be going on. The furnaces of criticism should never be blown out. The hunt after the Best is a pastime in which all should join—old, young, and middle-aged.

Mr. Arnold had his method of testing literary merit. It was a noble one. He kept in his mind examples of the best—lines from Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth—and these he would repeat to himself when the pretensions of other writers to supreme excellence came under his notice. There is nothing cruel in this if done for the health of our own souls.

Criticising is not fault-finding, but beauty-hunting, and is a duty we can only shirk by imperilling our own sense of the beautiful. No better subject for criticism can be found than those writers of our time who have attained eminence. That eminence is a fact which cannot be altered by speech or by any pen save that of the eminent man himself. Nobody can be written down except by himself. This is now an accepted truth. There is no need to have any concern for these authors. They have captured the Present, and live or did live more or less easily on the spoil. Whether the Future will belong to them also is another matter. Their appeal for that lies not to us but to Time. He will dispose of it, and possibly of some of them, in due course. Our concern is solely with ourselves.

It has occurred to us that it might prove interesting if there were to appear from time to time in THE SPEAKER articles purely critical on some of the authors of the last quarter of a century who occupy the position we have just referred to—men whose work has been long before the world, whose writings are well known, and who have in different ways, and in doubtless very varying degrees, stirred or pleased, moved or soothed their countrymen.

Criticisms should of course be critical. Even genius must go into the scales, although there is no obligation upon it to admit their accuracy; but the criticisms we have in view will fail of their purpose if they do not induce those who may read them to return upon themselves, and to compare their present literary judgments and dispositions with those of a by-gone day. It is melancholy to notice how frequently, as life advances, interest in literature abates. To hear some people talk, you might think Shakespeare and Scott wrote for boys. Years ought to bring the philosophic mind, but too often, to use words of Arnold, by drying up our joy in everything they only make our former pleasures all seem stale. This is a dreary condition to which no one should be reduced. Our old favourites are worth fighting for. We may have worshipped them idolatrously in our youth, but let some other expiation for our sin be found than sheer stupidity and supineness in age. Because we cannot be as we were when we first read "Maud" is a very poor reason for ceasing to care about Tennyson's poetry altogether. A good thing is always good. Your last laugh over Dogberry should be at least as hearty as your first.

To excite interest, to revive affection, to renew and to justify admiration, however tempered or even qualified, to send the reader back to his books, to restore zeal and destroy indifference, these are the objects of the articles we have in contemplation. The series will bear the common title of "THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY," and the subject of the first article will be Cardinal Newman.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

X.—UNDER THE CLOCK.

ONE railway station is very much like another. They are of different sizes, but of the same quality, and the likeness extends even to small details. There is probably not a single station in the kingdom on the platform of which there are not at this moment two or more milk-cans standing. I have no statistics on the subject, and I may be wrong, but that is my impression. There is even a distinct similarity between all porters; their voices are all husky and confidential, and it is easy to see why this must be so. Of course some stations have distinctive features. Waterloo and Willesden, for instance, are remarkable for their structural subtleties. Charing Cross is a favourite meeting-place. It is central and convenient in some respects, but better meeting-places might be found. If, instead of waiting under the clock, one waited in the very centre of the road outside the station, one would be only a little more in the way of other people.

But it would be inaccurate to say that there is nothing to interest or occupy the mind while waiting at Charing Cross, although much depends on the mind. "The proper study of mankind is man," and there are plenty of men and other automatic machines on the platform. One or two of these latter are a little curious. One machine delivers four different photographs, but it is impossible to say which of the four it will deliver next. You may get a photograph, I noticed, of the Princess of Wales, or you may get one of Miss Bessie Bellwood. I thought—it may have been fancy—that I detected a smile on the slot of this machine. An automatic "Oracle" is an appeal from modern civilisation to ancient superstition. It professes to answer any question you may select from a number printed upon it. I gave it a penny, and it at once told me a distinct lie, and told it without a blush. It is an immoral machine, and its charge is far too high. I have had a better lie told me by a human boy, simply for the small profit which is to be made by the sale of one halfpenny paper.

Every crowd in London is interesting, but the crowd at a railway station reveals most of its real nature. If you would see a man as he really is, see him when he is trying to catch a train, or when he has just missed it. The lounger in Piccadilly, the theatrical personage in the Strand, the journalist in Fleet Street, the Jew in Whitechapel, all hide something from us. But the test of the railway station puts aside the veil; and if the man is by nature mean, or impolite, or bad-tempered, his weakness or his baseness is revealed. It is useless to attempt an estimate of any man's character from his deliberate actions; look at him when he is in a hurry, or when

he is irritated. Put him in a crowd in front of a booking-office, with two minutes in which to catch the last train; or leave him on the platform from which the last train has just retired. A woman does not generally look her best when she is hurried. But the ordinary passenger allows little time for the abominably curious to become interested in him. Before we can conjecture where he comes from, or whither he is going, or why he is doing it, he vanishes from our sight. We have more time to watch those who have made appointments under the clock, who wander backwards and forwards from the hotel to the road, and from the road to the hotel, pondering upon the sins of unpunctuality and untruthfulness, or seduced into buying books which they do not want from the stall behind them. If ever I write a book, I should like one of the young men at the Charing Cross book-stall to review it in one or more of our leading journals, and to have an interest in its sale. It is a great consolation when one is waiting to see that others have to wait as well; but it is maddening to find that others have not to wait so long. A respectable, middle-aged, City man, came here five minutes ago. I know nothing of him except that he only had to wait five minutes, and I have had to wait twenty-five; but that is enough. I hate him, and desire his blood. One notices the gradual change in a man's expression as he waits here. He looks brisk and bright as he enters the station. He glances at the clock, and finds that he is three minutes too early. He does not mind waiting three minutes. He lights a cigarette, buys a latest edition, and hurries through the news. He has plenty of time, if he only knew it, to learn the greater part of that paper by heart. But he does not know it; he has a simple faith that the other man will come at the time appointed. Gradually his brightness changes to irritation. Twenty minutes have passed, and the irritation becomes dejection. Ten minutes afterwards he walks out of the station, filled with impotent wrath and wild despair. Two minutes after that the man for whom he was waiting turns up. It is in this way that cynics are made. The clock at Charing Cross probably has very few delusions—it sees so much.

I have tried occasionally to conjecture from the man who waits the sex and appearance of the person who is to meet him; and, as a general rule, I have been wrong. Three men, who were here the other day, essayed a more difficult task—I was told this afterwards by one of them. As they stood chatting together, one of them noticed two-thirds of a cigarette lying on the platform at his feet.

"Ah!" he said, "she came sooner than he expected. He would never have lit it if he had known."

"No," said the second. "He was only a beginner, and he couldn't stand any more of it."

"I think you're wrong," said the third. "He dropped it by accident, and was too proud to pick it up."

Every one of the three was confident that his conjecture was the correct one; and they stood there for a minute, urging their respective views with some little heat and animation. At a short distance from them stood a couple of boys, and one of them had been watching the group.

"Bill," he said to his friend, "look at them three toffs—hall of 'em fightin' over 'alf a cigarette. The big 'un found it first, but the others were on him afore he could grab it."

It is impossible to conjecture with certainty, even from the most insufficient data. I turn to the different notices on the walls. I am hemmed in by prohibitions and warnings. I may not travel fraudulently; I may not have my pockets picked; I am requested not to touch the scales. I am allured by advertisements, and I am still more allured by time-tables. But why go to Paris, when we have the "Shornsey Leesay"—I spell as you pronounce—depicted with such wonderful fidelity at the French Exhibition? I glance once more at that clock; calmly and dispassionately it tells me that I have now wasted thirty-five minutes of my valuable time. I might, it is true, leave a message for my friend in the ingenious automatic machine which is here for the purpose; but he is of the country, and probably knows not that there is such a thing. I possess one more penny, and in a desperate desire for something to do, I drop it into the first slot I come across. I am now the proprietor of one very small and very brown cigar. I am just wondering what on earth to do with it, when I see my friend approaching from the other side of the platform. He says that he is very sorry, but he does not look it, and it is difficult to believe him.

Later on in the day he will be caused to smoke that very little cigar. I am glad now that I got it. He is a polite man, and he will smoke all of it, for I shall give him no chance to dispose of it surreptitiously. He will be really sorry then.

THRUMS GOSSIPS.

VI.—A Humour Competition.

A MAN may have been long known to himself as a little above the common, and yet be justly lifted up by the look of his name in print. Haggart would sign this. But whatever may be said to the contrary in Glen Quharity bothies, one's name may be published in a newspaper without his thereby becoming a humourist (unless he be a writer), and Gavin Birse should have known this and only been elated in reason. Haggart would never have complained of the post's cutting his name on palings and stiles between this and Glen Quharity when he should have been trudging on with the post-bag, for once a man has been in print it is not easy to retire into private life again, but to set up for a humourist was another matter.

The Tilliedrum editor has the blame of unsettling Gavin, who had dandered with his post-bag between Thrums and Glen Quharity three times a week for forty years (except when snowed up), without thinking much about it. The editor, however, printed five lines saying that this was equal to walking round the world; and henceforth, until Haggart took him in hand, Gavin saw himself out of proportion to the rest of us, flung large upon a screen, as it were, by the editor's magic-lantern. He had a fear at first that the paragraph was only in the paper that went to Plucker Moss's bothy, but all the copies that came to Thrums were examined, and there is no denying that it was in every one of them.

Haggart never made light of the paragraph.

"It's in print, and so it's true," he said at the very first, the witnesses being Snecky Hobart and Davit Lunan, who had gone straight to him with the paper.

"And you have no more to say on the subject?" Snecky asked.

"I have no more to say," Haggart answered.

At Plucker Moss's bothy they wagged their heads sceptically at this, asserting, as a notorious thing, that if Gavin was in the school-wynd, Haggart took the Marywellbrae rather than meet him.

"We can conter that, Tammas?" Snecky asked.

"You can, Sneck," Haggart said, "and what's mair, you can tell them that if I did take the Marywellbrae it was because I didna want to cross Gavin Birse's path."

"What for no?"

"Because, my lathies, if I do cross his path, it'll be to blot him out."

"Wi' humour?"

"Wi' humour."

This, it will be seen, was after Gavin had decided to be a humourist. In the eyes of foolish persons it seemed natural that these two should be compared,

for Haggart's adventures in distant parts had done the work of the town at nights for years, and the Tilliedrum editor was guarantee for the post. Furthermore, Gavin began to have had adventures in other lands also, and he was difficult to argue with.

"That Russia's an ill land to live in gin you dinna be a king," Davit Lunan said one Saturday in a mixed company.

"It is, it is," Gavin answered, with an air of knowledge that was distasteful to Haggart's friends.

"You needna' pretend you've been there, Gavin."

"No pretence is needed. It's proved in print."

"Na, na, there wasna' a sylib about Russia in the paper."

"What for should there hae been? The whole world, it said. That's what it said, the whole world. Ay, and wonderful sichts there's in't."

"I winna' gie in to you. You never so muckle as saw Russia frae a sky-licht window."

"Print's print, Davit Lunan, and 'equal to walking round the world' was the words."

"That's different frae walking round it."

"Equal's different is't? Ay, Davit, I thocht equal was the same. But maybe you dinna believe the yeditor? Maybe you deny that print's print?"

"Dagont," said Davit, in distress, "I dinna ken what to think. I wish Tammas Haggart was here."

"I'm no fleid at Tammas Haggart. Gie my compliments to Tammas Haggart, and, says you, 'Gavin Birse's compliments, and print's print.'"

"I'm thinking you make that out to be humour, Gavin Birse?"

"Humour it is."

"Lads," said Davit to the company, "is that humour?"

"I wouldna say it's humour," Dite Deuchars replied, "and on the other hand I wouldna say it's no humour."

"Do you need to be so guarded when Tammas Haggart's in the vein? Na, you dinna, and what's the use o' humour when you have to ca' about in't looking for the point o't like a hen that thinks there may be a worm some gait, but is no nane sure?"

"That's ane o' Haggart's."

"I dinna pretend it's my ain. I'm no more a humourist than Gavin Birse is a humourist."

"Print's print," retorted Gavin.

"It wasna print that made Tammas a humourist."

"I'm no saying it was, but I'm thinking it was his travels made him ane."

"In a manner o' speaking."

"Weel, then, surely me that's been round the whole world am a humourist if him that stepped out the length o' London's ane?"

"Sal, Gavin Birse," cried Davit, "there's a guid curran doors atween you and Tammas, or you wouldna speak disrespectful about that man."

"Ay, Gavin, you've just ga'en rather far," said Little Finney.

"Though Tammas Haggart was here at this minute," Gavin said, "I would haud my ground. What could he do?"

"What could he do? I'll tell you what he could do. He could blast you."

"Wi' humour?"

"Wi' humour."

"Gang to him this instant, Davit Lunan, and tell him, wi' my compliments, as there's mair than one humourist in Thrums, namely twa. And if he questions it, says you, 'Print's print.'"

"I'll carry no sic errand, Posty Birse, but if you'll just sit whaur you are for the matter o' twa turns o' the sand glass, I'll come back here and bring wi' me Tammas Haggart. Ay, you're looking for your bonnet now, I see."

"I'm no fleid at Tammas Haggart, but I maun be stepping."

"Ay, ay, Gavin, you're gey auld wecht, but you dinna draw my legs. Just wait till I bring Tammas, my man."

Davit went off for Haggart, leaving Gavin regarding the red top on his bonnet.

"I'm no fleid at Tammas Haggart," he told the others, "and gin he comes here, says you to him, 'Gavin Birse's henmost words,' says you, 'was that he's no fleid at you.'"

With these words Gavin ran away.

Such scenes could only result in a duel between the rivals, but it was delayed for months, owing to the shilly-shallying of the post. Haggart sent Davit Lunan to Gavin with the warning, "Tak' tent o' yoursel, Gavin Birse, when you cross my path," and Lunan returned with the insolent message, "I've been round the world, Tammas Haggart, and, what's mair, I've started to gang round again."

Haggart authorised Lunan to challenge Gavin to a humour competition. Gavin replied that he was ready. "Tell him to come on, then," said Haggart in Thrums. "Tell him I'm waiting for him," said Gavin in Glen Quharity. "Gavin Birse is taking as lang to come to the competition as to gang round the world," Haggart said in the Tenements. "Ay, I'm thinking we'll weary waiting for Tammas Haggart," Gavin said in Plucker Moss's bothy.

Thus the difficulty was to arrange a place of meeting. Haggart naturally proposed the burying ground, where his humour is doubtless most extraordinary, especially at his own bit of ground, just below the bower. He is also exceptionally humorous in the square, in most parts of the Tenements and Tillyloss, at Snecky Hobart's potato pit, and, generally speaking, on hen houses. He has a favourite place at the foot of his own row of pea-sticks, but Look-about-you's barn completely baffles him, and where a choice of ground is possible he likes to be out of sight of rose-bushes. As for Gavin, he never was a humourist, and it is sufficient to say of him that he objected to every spot suggested as "not neutral ground."

Such was the condition of affairs when an accident forced an issue. Gavin was coming swaggering into the square from the post office at the very moment that Haggart, with a tail of admirers, was setting out good-naturedly from the square for Meg Tibbits's to say something humorous to Willie, whose sweetheart had given him the go-by. They would have met at Annot's pump or thereabout, had not each been informed of the coming of the other. Terrified to encounter the humourist with something for Willie ready on his tongue, Gavin slunk round by Coutts' close. Haggart had also taken the close, and they thus met at the east mouth of it, where the following skirmish took place.

"Ay, Gavin Birse."

"Ay, Tammas Haggart."

"So, so."

"Ay, then."

"I'm ready, my billie."

"And I'm ready."

"Weel?"

"Weel?"

They were then about to pass, when Sanders Wilkie, an intelligent man for a U.P., said solemnly, "Now's the time!" Davit Lunan declares it was he who said this, but it was Sanders.

Haggart set his teeth.

"It winna tak lang, lads," he said.

"Stand back," cried Lunan, "and gie them room."

Gavin had little Finny, Dave Webster, and Sam'l Tosh supporting him, but he laid his back feebly against the wall.

"This is no neutral ground," he said desperately.

"It's not," said Little Finny, "for you canna deny, Tammas Haggart, as it was here you said yon about T'nowhead's Bell."

"Here it was, but Gavin Birse comes down this close as often as me."

"I've never sichted it since I was in print."

"Ay, weel, if it comes to that, you'll look lang in Thrums for a place I hinna been humorous in."

"Come away out to Plucker Moss's bothy," proposed Sam'l Tosh."

"I winna," said Haggart, "for it's no neutral ground."

"Weel, I canna wait a' nicht for you," said Gavin.

"You a humourist," retorted Haggart. "Ay, gie me the chance, and I'll soon shut up your shop."

The thing would have had to be abandoned had not Sanders Wilkie, whose readiness on this occasion has been much talked of since, said—

"I have it, lathies. Rob Angus has this very nicht finished his brig at the saw-mill, and as no a mortal foot has crossed it but Rob's ain, if that's no neutral ground, I dinna ken what neutral ground is."

There was no answering this. The two parties marched to the bridge over the burn, Gavin a little yellow and Haggart with a Look on his face.

"Tammas," Lunan whispered, "I see by your Look that you've won already; but what is't makes you so sure?"

"I kent I had him as soon as the brig was mentioned," Tammas replied, "and I'll tell you how I kent when it's ower. A' I'll say the now, Davit, is just this: watch whaur I stand."

It was noticed, but not commented on, that, while Gavin the lost stood in the centre of the bridge, Haggart remained at the north end of it. The water jumped noisily beneath the post, but under Haggart there were dry stones.

"Now, then," cried Sanders, who had appointed himself master of ceremonies, "are you ready? One, two, three; ca' awa'."

The affair was over in five minutes.

"I'm waiting, Gavin," said Haggart.

"I'm waiting too," replied Gavin.

"At him, Tammas," Lunan cried.

"Tak your time, Gavin Birse," shouted Little Finny.

"Say yon about groser busses, Tammas."

"Gavin, I see something coming. Out wi't, lad. For the last time of asking, Gavin," Haggart said.

Gavin groaned.

"Dagont!" he said, "I can get naething up."

"Dinna be flichtered, Gavin," cried Dave Webster, "you're equal yet."

"We're equal yet," said Gavin.

Haggart put on his Look again.

"And now," he said, glancing over the bridge, to make sure that there was no water beneath him, "to polish you off. We're equal, you say, and equal's the same, you said? Ay, then, you're a liar, Gavin, for pretending that this is neutral ground."

"What's he after?" Gavin whispered, trembling, to his backers.

"I'm after ripping you up wi' humour, my man," said Haggart, "and in this way, for if equal's the same, and you've been equal to round the world, round the world you've been, and this brig's a bit o't just as Russia is. Therefore, it stands to reason you've been here afore."

As Haggart stepped off the bridge, his party raised a shout, and Gavin was left alone with Little Finny.

"He's finished you, Posty," Little Finny said; "come awa hame."

"Do you want ony mair?" Haggart asked.

"Leave him alane, Tammas," said Little Finny. "You've won, and that ends it."

"Print's print," muttered Gavin sulkily.

"Let this be a warning to all," Haggart said sternly, before retiring with his tail increased by two.

"But you promised to tell me," Lunan whispered, "how you was so sure o' him."

"The puir bit stocky," replied Haggart, "to set up for a humourist, and no even to ken that humour's impossible ower running water."

J. M. Barrie.

HENLEY.

THE little Oxfordshire town is awaking from its slumber of eleven months. During that period no doubt the Henley tradesmen have been about their business, such as it was. The bootmaker has made boots, the ironmonger has displayed his wares, the haberdasher has dealt in scarves and linens, and the various innkeepers have fought against the universal dulness. All that a self-respecting country town should do has been done, and the municipal fathers—for Henley boasts a Mayor and a Corporation—have been vigilant and wise. But for all that Henley has been asleep, and only now, some few days before the Regatta to which it owes its fame, is Henley beginning to stretch itself before it wakes completely for a furious burst of activity of three days spent in boat-racing, in the letting of many rooms at immense prices, in the mild fleecing of crowds of willing visitors, and in the fierce discussion of the chances of oarsmen on the grey old bridge that spans the river. All that is to come, and doubtless there are joys and delights in it both for those who row and those who look on. But for the contemplative soul the Henley of the days before the Regatta, the Henley that is not boiling with excitement, but only gently simmering with a pleasurable anticipation, is more delightful. For the place is, for an oarsman, full of memories which are stirred into a ripple as he beholds the well-known reach of broad and shining water, the trim lawn and the red bricks of the ancient "Red Lion" on the left, the dainty cottage overgrown with creepers on the right, and far away, the little Classic temple on the island which, until 1887, used to mark the beginning of all the races.

The "Red Lion" has lately taken unto himself a brand-new portico, which blocks what was formerly the wide carriage entrance into the old stable-yard, but the old rooms are still unchanged and comfortable as ever. On one of the window-panes of a sitting-room on the second floor, Shenstone scratched his famous lines beginning:—

> "Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found,
> His warmest welcome at an inn."

The room used during regatta time to be occupied by a crew, and many a time have I conned the inscription on the pane. How the pane escaped the common fate of windows is a marvel. Once indeed I saw a crust of bread carelessly thrown shiver into fragments the pane next to the inscribed one, but the landlord remained unperturbed. Last year, however, the pane was removed, and was enclosed in a special frame, and thus it was shown to me. A few days ago I asked to see it again, but the damsel who attended behind the bar had never heard of such a thing; still she was good-natured, and departed to inquire of a superior, without result, I grieve to say, for no one appeared to have heard of Shenstone, or his poem, or of the glass on which it had been scratched. A saunter along the tow-path calls up many recollections. Here, close by the old finish within two or three boat's lengths of the bridge, was seen twelve years ago the crisis of the never-to-be-forgotten sculling race in which Edwards-Moss defeated his American opponent Lee. Who that saw the contest can ever forget how the Englishman, rowing in an old boat and on the outside station, wore his opponent down from the corner and rowed him to a dead standstill within half a length of the post? And now the winner answers to Mr. W. H. Smith's five-lined whips in the House of Commons, and the loser has become a professional sculler, and is even now at Henley, coaching an amateur compatriot for the race in which he himself suffered defeat. The little boys on the bank are still clamorous as of yore, and still insist with every variety of shrill entreaty that they have earned "a little copper, sir," by allowing you to open the gates

for yourself, and to take your own way amid the disturbance of their cries. Here too walks, as he has walked any time during the past fifteen years, the stern-faced old gentleman in frock coat and top hat, who is never absent from the drawing of stations previous to the races. Not far in front of him is that other *pater conscriptus* who never fails at the same ceremony, and who looks as if he had stepped straight out of one of Randolph Caldecott's picture books. The evening is a fine one, and swarms of children are rolling about in the new mown hay of the Lion meadow, whilst others, attended by their nursemaids, walk more soberly or sit on the ancient wooden benches under the trees. Lower down stands a little knot of veterans, field-glass in one hand, and stop-watch in the other, eagerly scanning the racing course in order to get the time of one of the college crews entered for the Grand Challenge Cup. Far away by the island, one Eight appears a white speck with oars flashing in the sun. Even at this distance, the hoarse voice of their coach is to be heard as he rides along the bank, dinning into their ears reproof, warning, and encouragement. Soon it grows more distinct. "Two, you're late, finish it out all of you. Now then, swing out and get hold of the beginning all through the boat. Four, don't bucket; use your legs. Well rowed all!" With such cries as these to urge it on its way, the pageant of the crew, swinging with machine-like motion to their work, sweeps up and past till the welcome "Easy all!" proclaims the finish of the course. And then begin the inevitable discussion and the comparison of "times," which occupy the mind of the rowing-man at Henley, to the exclusion of every other topic. It is strange, indeed, how wonderfully encouraging even a slow time over the course can be made to appear with a little healthy self-deception. For if St. Mary's, to take an imaginary instance, should row ten seconds slower than St. Mark's, or if the Oscillators should fail to surpass the Argonauts, the specially adverse force of wind and stream can always be used to make matters more favourable, and there can be no doubt whatever that both St. Mary's and the Argonauts will (after dinner) be perfectly convinced in their own minds that with equal conditions they could at any moment "row round" their faster adversaries.

One after another, the Eights and Fours, with here and there a sculler, row by in their practice. The violet of New College, the pink of Emmanuel, the red of Balliol, the black and yellow of Brasenose, the black and white of the Trinity Hall men in their check caps, pass in a swift and dazzling succession, each crew with its attendant demon (the word is used classically) on horseback. A day or two back, the Radley boys were here for an afternoon; they came with their master and coach, H. M. Evans, a splendid enthusiast whom no misfortune can daunt. Yet he suffers many, and time after time have mumps or measles or broken arms deprived him of his best boys. This year, too, the jaundice threatened his stroke, but the attack has been gallantly repelled. The boys row smartly and do credit to their indefatigable teacher. The Eton boys, the Leander Four, and the crews from the London and Thames and Kingston Clubs are as yet mere rumours, but ere this appears they, too, will have come to Henley, all save the Etonians, who never come until the first day of the Regatta.

And now the work of the day is over; the crews troop homeward to their respective quarters to feed on plain fare and sanguine anticipations, the shouts of the coaches are hushed, and the veterans vanish from the scene. By eleven o'clock Henley might be a city of the dead, so still are the streets, and so empty. But the appearance is deceptive, for Henley is really gathering its strength for the mighty effort of next week, when the hoarse voice of the negro minstrel shall be heard far into the night, and the banjo shall twang on innumerable house-boats. But now the town is peaceful, and the river is as silent as though no race had ever violated the placid surface of its stream.

THE WEEK.

As might have been expected, little time has been lost in following up the discovery, made last February, that coal exists under the white cliffs of Kent. A Search Committee has been formed by the geologists, with the help of the London Chamber of Commerce, and the support of some of the chief Kentish landowners. This committee, we are told, is not undertaking "a commercial speculation in the ordinary sense," and Heaven it knoweth what that may, or may not, mean. We are told, however, that the members are debarred from making any profit whatever out of the general fund, and that the proposal is, not to start a company, but "to gather a sufficient sum by donations or subscriptions to enable the great work to be done properly." This is very promising. Subscriptions are already flowing in; and before long we may hear of a coal-field near Dover, which may do for us what the Calais coal-field has been doing for France in the last twenty-six years.

RUGBY SCHOOL has been standing out as the pioneer of what may be a very great movement. DR. PERCIVAL at the recent Speech Day pronounced a panegyric on day-boys. "There is no form of education," he said, "so valuable as that open to a boy living in a cultivated home, and enjoying at the same time the advantages of a public school." As a practical consequence of this conviction he announced that out of their own pockets the Rugby masters are going to give a free education to every day-boy who can qualify for the Upper School before the age of fourteen; or, in other words, to offer an unlimited number of scholarships. When at Clifton, DR. PERCIVAL did wonders to exalt the position of the day-boy; and at Rugby he has lost nothing of his zeal. The significance of this new step may not be fully understood at first by the public. But in reality it reaches very far indeed; and the manner of taking it is no slight honour to a not overpaid profession.

FRUITS fail, and love dies, and time ranges: only the magistrate changes not. MR. WARRY, Q.C., inflicts ten years' penal servitude on one CHARLES JONES for stealing 2s. 4d. For a desperate assault on a young girl in a railway carriage the county magistrate at Keighley are satisfied with £5. The girl, mad with terror, had opened the carriage door, and was clinging to the footboard when pluckily rescued. So the chairman of the bench said that "women must be protected while travelling." On Tuesday LORD COLERIDGE and a jury in the Queen's Bench Division taught the Hampshire magistrates a lesson for bullying the Salvation Army. The charge against the army was that of obstructing traffic in the streets of Whitchurch: and the police gave evidence as to the inflammatory nature of the speeches delivered by MR. BOOTH'S followers, as if horses and carts were stopped by inflammatory preaching any more than by moral platitudes.

PROFESSOR PERRY will deliver the "popular" lecture at the coming meeting of the British Association in Leeds, and his subject will be "Humming-tops."

THOSE who heard MR. NORMAN LOCKYER'S lecture at the recent *soirée* of the Royal Society are still talking of the investigations which that versatile and able student is making into the origin and purpose of the temples of Egypt, Asia Minor, and Greece. It is hardly possible to imagine a more fascinating subject than that with which MR. LOCKYER is dealing; and if he should indeed be

able by means of the established *data* of astronomical lore to tell us not only the age of the oldest temples of Thebes or Philæ, but the secret of their ritual and their worship, he will establish a place for himself among the foremost of those students whose work has made plain for us the story of pre-historic times.

THE American Copyright controversy still rages around MESSRS. A. and C. BLACK'S "Encyclopædia Britannica." An American statesman boasted the other day that, by his country's laws, *plus* a simple fracture of the Eighth Commandment, this work was placed within reach of the poorest backwoodsman. But the Encyclopædia happened to contain articles by American citizens, and on the strength of this, MESSRS. BLACK prosecuted the pirates. The defendants naïvely pleaded that to have employed American writers on a work of this sort was a dirty trick. JUDGE SHIPMAN, who tried the case, gave it against the thieves and mulcted them. So common honesty begins to triumph, which—says a Milwaukee paper—is "absurd," for "before MESSRS. BLACK went into the enterprise they calculated all the chances. If they miscalculated, that is their affair." In other words, "they knew we had a dirty reputation, so why on earth did they bring out such a valuable book?"

AN extract from the prospectus of one of these pirates is amusing:—

"A word," he says, "as to International Copyright. We have long favoured such a law. In its absence it has become well-nigh, if not wholly, impossible to do a successful book business and respect the wishes of the holders of foreign copyrights. Our books, again and again, are reprinted in England without so much as a 'Thank you.' If we make a market for a foreign book, it is straightway reprinted against us, at a less price, by some one who pays no royalty. We are forced by self-protection to adopt the following rule as the fairest, all round, that is practicable—to publish what we wish of foreign books, and then pay the foreign copyright owners what we think to be a just share of the profits."

Of course, if American books are reprinted in England "without so much as a thank you," it is simply due to the carelessness of their authors. MESSRS. MARK TWAIN, W. D. HOWELLS and Co. manage to protect themselves. And if the publishers find it impossible to "do a successful book business" in English works, why don't they develop the resources of their own continent, and stick to that, instead of trying to "do" the successful book business of MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK?

AMONG the most notorious of these pirates is the firm of FUNK and WAGNALLS, famous, after their thievery, for purveying religious literature. FUNK and WAGNALLS (Hear, O ye tuneful Nine!) had an inspiration the other day, a brilliant trick for getting a dictionary on the cheap. They sent round to the best known English authors this letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—We are preparing a large Dictionary. We wish to include in it every word current in the better class of literature. If there is any new word which you have used in any of your writings, or any old word that you have used in a new sense, be so kind as to send us such words, with the meanings you have given them, and the wording of the line or phrase in which each occurs, with the name of the book. . . . Yours as ever, FUNK AND WAGNALLS.

"Yours as ever" is good.

BUT the kindness of FUNK and WAGNALLS does not end here. They even supply the author with an example of the kind of word wanted. Here it is—

"'*Abroach*: to broach; to pierce and leave running,' as to tap a wine cask. 'Alack, what mischiefs might be set abroach!'" *Shakespeare.*

What mischiefs indeed! However, as they have so obligingly turned "abroach" into a verb active, why may we not do the same with FUNK and WAGNALLS? For example—

"*To funk and wagnall*, v.a., to skin and fleece; to rob and leave running."

Alack, what wagnalls might be set a-funk!

THE HON. G. D. COLERIDGE'S letter which appeared in the *Daily News* last Tuesday gives a timely reassurance to those who were beginning to suspect the *bona fides* of the Ober Ammergau play. Rumour alleged the whole affair to be a "put-up" concern this year, regulated entirely in the commercial interest of the village and the Bavarian railways. MR. COLERIDGE, on the authority of the burgomaster's secretary, confesses it impossible to stop speculation entirely, but assures us that its extent was confined to the subletting of their houses by five or six householders; and that the refusal of the railway officials to give tickets to visitors who did not wish to sleep the night at Ammergau arose from a misunderstanding. The misunderstanding might, we think, be further inquired into. But it is well to know that prices, both for house accommodation and admission to the play, were reasonable enough, if only visitors set to work in the right way.

THE truth about *Mahomet* at the Lyceum is this. MR. IRVING did not purchase M. BORNIER'S play. It was submitted to him, and a literal translation was made. He saw at once that in its original form it was entirely unsuited to public taste in this country. The case demanded not merely adaptation, but reconstruction. When MR. IRVING heard, however, that M. BORNIER'S play had been prohibited in Paris, he determined not to encounter Mohammedan susceptibilities in London. But the East still lingers in MR. IRVING'S imagination, and an Oriental drama will be seen at the Lyceum before long.

TO LORD TENNYSON'S plays, *Queen Mary*, *The Cup*, *The Falcon*, *Harold*, *Becket*, and *The Promise of May*, must be added one which, for some reason, has never been published. Some years ago the Laureate wrote a piece on the story of Robin Hood. It was originally intended for the stage; indeed, the subject was suggested by the most eminent of the actor-managers who, according to MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, discourage dramatic literature.

MR. JONES'S article in the *Fortnightly Review* has caused some commotion behind the scenes. His description of the manager as "the most helpless person" in the theatrical business, except in the trifling details of "mounting plays, stage-managing, and casting them in the best way possible," is the theme of much genial comment. It is not generally expected that MR. PINERO will respond to MR. JONES'S appeal, and become the director of a theatre. The business of writing plays is at present sufficient for the author of *The Cabinet Minister*.

ONE reason why playwrights should be debarred from theatrical management is that they are not always the best judges of their own work. MR. JONES extols the administrative capacity of MR. GILBERT. In this controversy the special entertainment at the Savoy scarcely supplies an adequate illustration. But we know what happened to MR. GILBERT when he turned aside from comic opera, and staked his reputation as a dramatist on *Brantingham Hall*.

ON Monday MR. G. A. STOREY delivered at a new studio for ladies in Great Ormond Street a lecture on the text "Is It Worth Doing?" He deplored the work alike of "impressionists" and "realists," and gave his hearers to understand that young painters, nowadays, are not worth much. "The only guide," says MR. STOREY, "in undertaking a new work is the consciousness that it is true and good and beautiful; that it is something that will make you happy to paint, and others

happy to look at." This definition of the artist's aim would meet with scant courtesy in Newlyn and Glasgow, and we are content to let the battle be fought out on the walls of the picture galleries—a better field than the lecture-room.

THAT artists as well as authors have the dead to contend with was well illustrated last Saturday at CHRISTIE'S, when fabulous prices were fetched by the Storer Collection of the late DUKE of SOMERSET. PAUL POTTER'S "Dairy Farm," for instance, made 5,800 guineas; GAINSBOROUGH'S "Lord A. Hamilton," 4,200 guineas; and a portrait by HOPNER, 1,500 guineas. The sale of the Farnley Hall TURNERS on the previous day was as astonishing, fifty-eight drawings realising £17,725, and four pictures close on £8,000. The commercial answer to MR. STOREY'S "Is it worth doing?" seems to be, "Yes, if you could live for ever in a world without middlemen."

GIBSON'S "Tinted Venus" was also sold on Saturday for £1,837 10s., and rumour says she will add her testimony to that of MESDAMES PATTI, LANGTRY, &c. &c., in favour of PEARS' Soap. MISS TENNANT'S "Street Urchins," in the New Gallery, are already destined for purposes of advertisement, and MISS TENNANT (who differs from MR. FRITH on this point) is quite cheerful about it. The market for this year's pictures is remarkably dull, and now at the close of the season there seems little prospect of its brightening. It is all very well to reprove men for painting "in the vague and often vain hope that some unknown patron may take a fancy to his picture." But one must live. And after all, is it less noble than painting on commission, as the classics did?

MONDAY, the first day of the Oxford and Cambridge match, was given up to the rain, as usual. But on Tuesday and Wednesday the cricket was decidedly interesting. At one point, indeed, when MESSRS. JARDINE and WILSON were together in the second innings, it looked as if the Oxford men might stave off defeat. Though a good team, they were outclassed, and though outclassed they made a fight. The Cambridge batting was good; MR. WOODS' bowling better; MR. MCGREGOR'S wicket-keeping best of all; and the fielding generally beneath contempt. The match between Derbyshire and the Australians this week was chiefly remarkable for SPOFFORTH'S success in the first good game he has taken part in for a long time.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MR. HALL CAINE AND MODERN FICTION.

MY DEAR SIR,—Ignoring the only essential part of what I said—namely, that the adulterous woman in fiction and on the boards is a pest, a nuisance, and a danger, that the taste in imaginative literature is now miserably effeminate, and that both the creative and critical arts of the time are often followed without healthy manliness—the writer of your "Literary Causerie" attributes to me the "absurd proposition" that "women can write about nothing but the baser phases of love." The "proposition" is not "absurd"—it is gross, infamous, and monstrous. But it is not mine. I said nothing of the kind, I am not reported to have said anything of the kind, and if your critic is as honest a man as I believe him to be, he will lose no time in withdrawing the unqualified imputation.—Yours very truly,

Hawthorns, near Keswick, HALL CAINE.
June 30, 1890.

P.S.—I think I may fairly complain of such a re-casting of my words as would make it impossible for me to look without shame into the faces of some good women who are writing good books. Of the base-minded women who are writing evil books, think of the strongest words of scorn and wrath, then attribute them to me, and I shall only thank you and honour you.—H. C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. M. D. is thanked for his friendly letter, which shall have due attention.

X. Y. Z.—Cases for binding Volume I. of THE SPEAKER, together with index and title-page, can be obtained from the Publishers.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, July 4th, 1890.

LOOKING at the procession of masks which passes before us, in the season or out of it, in town or in a country parish, we wonder sometimes if they can really be as uninteresting as they seem. They are not only masks, but they are masked marionettes, or may be likened to the tiny figures that dance involuntarily to a scanty set of tunes, on the outside of a barrel-organ. We know not what passes within them, but, judging by the few airs to which they move, by the stereotyped cadences which they repeat, very little passes at all. They have their tiny arrangements of tunes to which they answer: the matron nodding to the nursery motive; the politician—oh heavens, how limited is *his* repertory, and how certain you are of what he will say, and how he will look when he says it! There are the young man and maiden, frivolous or philanthropic; there is the literary gentleman with his old, old "shop," and his new tattle which is so like the old. There are the persons who talk "of the rush of the season," which can hardly move them much in Bayswater, except as "the sea-wave stirs the seaweeds on the remotest shores." There are they whose talk is of Golf, a good game, but a weariness in urban conversation. There are the prophets and the pessimists, as monotonous but not so musical as the rooks. We have watched them, we have listened to them, we have learned them by heart, and we ask again, can human beings really be so uninteresting, so stereotyped, so mechanical, and so monotonous as they seem? Can they be unconscious that they live like puppets—"figures moving musically to a lute's mysterious law"? This is my own tune, as monotonous and mechanical as the rest, the tune of boring myself and you by asking endlessly, "Is there no more than this?" Are there no faces, which we never or seldom see, under all these masks? And yet, does one really wish to see the uncovered faces?

Probably most people put these queries to themselves at present, and hence the taste for confessions, for a view of the face beneath the vizard. We are eagerly curious, and we welcome what men and women have to tell us about their "inner lives." We want to sit in the Confessional and listen to the candid utterances of the penitents; and the penitents, too, wish to astonish us, and prove that they are not the first comers, but rather original sinners. So eager in this casuistry are some amateurs, chiefly ladies, that they will put most intimate questions to strangers whom they happen to meet at dinner. Before the fish you are talking of your *premiers amours*, and the secrets of your heart. Unluckily these lady confessors, and hunters after souls, are not bound by any oath of secresy, so it is as well to invent one's romance.

In literature, too, there is a great deal of confessing, and Topsy is the patron saint of many authors who "want to 'fess." It may be a depraved taste and a humiliating admission, but I own that I have never cared for printed confessions, nor read even

those of Rousseau, nor of anybody but Pepys and Saint Augustine. The saint is the least egotistic of these people, and really more interested in his Maker and in his mother than in himself. The Bishop of Hippo had a heart, and that is more than Stendhal or Miss Marie Bashkirtseff seems to have possessed. It were wrong to review either of these candid exponents of what was in them on such very scanty study of their memoirs as I have felt able to make. Their frantic interest in life, especially their own, is amazing, is excessive, is repulsive. It is like the passionate desire to aid in the discovery of a treasure which keeps the lady ghost, who appeared to Mr. Z.'s butler, walking for ever in Mr. Z.'s cellar (*see* the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," part xvi., June, 1890, p. 277). The treasure is interesting and valuable, no doubt, and life is a momentous affair, but the pertinacious ghost in the cellar, and Marie Bashkirtseff always watching herself in the glass, make too much of the business. They exaggerate the gravity which we should bring "even to the most trivial matters."

M. Stendhal confessed himself steadily to his journal through all his life. He analysed his own character and that of his father, whom he frankly and frequently called a bad kind of miscreant (*un vilain scélerat*). He said that he himself made profound reflections in the manner of Molière, reflections which he has not persuaded the world to take for Poquelin's at his best. He spoke of "the charming grace of his elocution." When Stendhal writes in this fashion, when the Russian young lady tells us about her personal perfections, does one not wish to say, like Tartuffe, *Cachez ces appas?* After all, what was there under the mask but a clever capricious fancy, sick for fame, for life, for length of days, and childishly conceited and self-conscious.

There are these confessors with a *manie de constatation*, as M. Jules Lemaître says. They like to write down for posterity the very thoughts which the rest of us want to forget thinking. What is remorse, or repentance, or voluntary oblivion to others is a matter of pleased and curious reflection to them, and they get all the evil of the Confessional without the absolution. But the world which reads is so tired of the outsides of men and women, that it welcomes these unholy revelations of the interiors. These are only tolerable, or should only be tolerated, when given dramatically and poetically, as in the Hamlet or the Angelo of Shakespeare.

I doubt whether people's love of confessions is more laudable, though they call it scientific and psychological, than their taste for hearing about noted persons at home, about their books, pictures, odds and domestic ends. We can really know only a very few people a little; one or two friends, at most, in the course of a life. They do not tell us all, nor do we tell them; there is a human modesty and self-respect. It cannot be well to blab everything to the circulating libraries, and the taste for these revelations borders on the taste for the London letters of American correspondents. Nature has laid it on us to live in a world where most people seem monotonous and conventional. Some of them might seem different if they told their tales, or set pen to paper. But "silence suiteth best," and a weary world of society is better than a clamour of confessions. Little girls of thirteen, elderly philosophers, critics, cabmen, matrons, may all be at work on the history of their inner selves just now. We are not very happy with their outer selves, perhaps, but we should not wish to know very much more about their inner consciousness. However strange they may think their spiritual and emotional experiences, these, too, are likely to be pretty typical and in no way unprecedented. Other young ladies have been vain, pretty, amorous, cold, cross, conceited, curious, self-conscious, clever, and dissatisfied, as well as Marie Bashkirtseff. Let us hope that no more will take up their pens to tell us as much in several volumes.

We can very well take it for granted; these handsome puppets dance to a very familiar tune, and think, all the time, that the melody is original, that such a dance by such a figure was never danced before. Nothing is new, but their telling us of this innocent impression and belief, and certainly telling of it well and with conviction. It is different when there are humour, gaiety, incident, a world of characters besides the confessor's own, as in Pepys's case. And, to be fair, if Marie Bashkirtseff's journal, or Stendhal's, or that of the brothers Goncourt had been hidden in cypher for two hundred years, till all things were changed, they, too, might gain by keeping, like certain wines. But they would never equal the jolly vintage of Pepys. It is not very well, perhaps, to be commonplace, but it is better to be commonplace than to be self-conscious and a confessor.

After all, though it is a merit to be "interesting," we need not exaggerate it into a duty and the whole essence of the law. To be "interesting" is a kind of demand which a weary world makes on men and women at all times and seasons. The people we think dull—ah! what a majority of our fellow beings—may be only reserved. To hope so is no more than Christian. They may not all care to carry their hearts and consciences on their sleeves.

> "God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
> Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
> One to show a woman when he loves her."

Ladies who find men uninteresting at dinner must try to remember what the other side of their souls may be, displayed while going home in the four-wheeler. And yet, perhaps three soul-sides would not be too many, if a person is to be an exemplary domestic character and also not too bewilderingly stupid in society. A. L.

REVIEWS.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

(FIRST NOTICE.)

In Darkest Africa: being the Official Record of the Quest, Rescue, and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria. By H. M. Stanley. London: Sampson Low. 1890.

In January, 1887, Mr. Stanley, at the request of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, started to conduct an expedition to the Egyptian Soudan, by way of the Congo, for the purpose of relieving or rescuing Emin Pasha, the last surviving independent European officer in the Soudan. Mr. Stanley was absent on his quest about three years. He succeeded, as we all know, though after one of the severest trials of endurance which ever attended the exploits of such heroes of antiquity or of modern history as Alexander, Cæsar, or Bonaparte, with whose achievements Stanley's work may be fitly ranked in magnitude. Popular interest in modern times is so fickle and inconstant and transitory that the relation of a man's great deeds must follow on their doing with the utmost promptitude if the public memory is not to be found wanting. If the lapse be too long between the accomplishment of the work and its description in a book, public opinion will have lost its first keen interest in the matter and its attention will have to be laboriously recalled to the reconsideration of the subject when it is properly set forth in narrative form. Thoroughly understanding this condition of public intelligence Mr. Stanley had scarcely reached the

confines of civilisation before he settled himself down to the writing of his book, wisely choosing to complete this work in the relative seclusion of his house in Cairo before he entered the distracting turmoil of London Society. His new book, "In Darkest Africa," was therefore written in about fifty days, in what can only be called a tremendous hurry, in fact it has been computed that Mr. Stanley on an average wrote at the rate of 20 pages a day. There is consequently in some parts of this work now under review a slight appearance of hurry in the style; but I am bound to say that in the general get-up of the work very great credit is due to the publishers for its completeness and finish. The illustrations are beautifully drawn and carefully engraved—the illustrations are indeed about the finest that have appeared in any work on Africa. The maps, on the whole, are good, though not as strikingly so as the illustrations. A tiresome and confusing plan has been adopted for colouring lakes and seas. Instead of a plain, flat simple blue tint, graduated blue lines have been used. This is sometimes very confusing where islands and names are concerned, but the delicate and very effective manner in which the forest country is indicated in a faint green rash of trees is much to be commended.

Now for a brief review of the main incidents recorded in Mr. Stanley's work, and of some opinions expressed therein.

After describing the various routes for reaching Emin Pasha's provinces, and his reasons for selecting the way by the Congo in preference to any other, Mr. Stanley gives incidentally a quaint letter from Mr. Robert Arthington, a well-known philanthropist of Leeds, who supplied the funds for the construction of the Baptist mission steamer *Peace*, which has for some years plied to and fro on the Congo, and which, under Mr. Grenfell's charge, has explored so many of the great affluents of the Congo for the first time. Mr. Stanley had written to Mr. Arthington to invoke his assistance in obtaining the temporary loan of the *Peace* for the transport of his men up the Congo. Mr. Arthington in reply wrote him a letter, of which I cannot resist giving extracts, as they are so typical of a truly British sanctimoniousness which flourished in the forties, fifties, and sixties, but which I thought by this time was fairly extinct.

"Dear Mr. Stanley,—I have much regard for you personally, although I cannot, dare not, sanction all your acts. I am very sorry if I cannot give assent to your request, but I fully believe you will be no sufferer by the circumstance of not having the steamship *Peace*. Yesterday I was able to come to a decision. . . . . If you have any reverential regard for the Man of Sorrows, the King of Peace, may He mercifully preserve and save your party.

"I have no doubt of the safety of Emin Pasha—till his work is done. I believe he will be brought through this trial in perfect safety. God seems to have given you a noble soul (covered for the moment by your sad sin and mistakes), and I should like that you should repent and believe the Gospel with real sense, and live hereafter in happiness, light, and joy for ever. *Here* delay in you is more dangerous than delay for Emin."

As a matter of subsequent history it may be mentioned that Mr. Arthington's reluctant scruples were wisely set aside, if they were known, by the Baptist missionaries on the Congo, and the Rev. W. H. Bentley—the author of the great Congo dictionary—placed the little mission steamer *Peace* at Mr. Stanley's disposal.

After due consideration, the Emin Pasha Relief Committee had decided that the expedition should proceed to Emin Pasha's provinces by the eastern route from Zanzibar to the Victoria Nyanza; but suddenly there came a very strong hint from the King of the Belgians that unless the Congo route were adopted Mr. Stanley's services would not be available for the expedition; for Mr. Stanley, it would seem, was still in the service of the King of the Belgians. It is very natural to suppose that King Leopold wished to kill two or even three birds with one stone—to afford support to the movement for rescuing Emin Pasha, and at the same time to employ Mr. Stanley to settle the serious Arab question which had arisen on the Upper Congo, and to explore the country which separated the Congo Free State from the Egyptian Soudan. There further seems to have been a desire on His Majesty's part to add to his already large dominions Emin Pasha's provinces, in case Emin should decide to remain and continue his government, and on condition that a sufficient revenue could be raised to meet the expenses of administration.

The King's proposal, however, was not an unreasonable one—especially at that time, when the political jealousy of France and Germany and the hostility of the King of Buganda threw serious obstacles in the way of approach to Emin's provinces from the east coast of Africa. So the Congo route was decided on, and Mr. Stanley proceeded thither *viâ* Zanzibar, more than half round the continent, in order to recruit his Soudanese soldiers and Zanzibari porters by the way.

The picture which he indirectly gives us on his journey up the Congo of the condition of the Congo Free State in 1887 is not an encouraging one. But little seems to have been done at that time towards facilitating the journey from the coast to Stanley Pool (where the navigability of the Congo Basin may be said to commence); there is a general air of languor, incompleteness, and half-heartedness, in the descriptions of the Free State administration and government, and several times a hint that Stanley's return to his old kingdom was viewed with jealousy by the Belgian officials. But inasmuch as we are now given to understand that the Congo trading companies are at the present time making profits of 75 to 100 per cent, on their outlay, owing to the great development of trade which has taken place, it may be supposed that by this time the Congo Government is showing more vigour, and is cheered by the growing prosperity of the state.

Reaching the Aruwimi with his flotilla of steamers, Stanley stopped at the first rapids—at Yambuya, a large Basoko settlement, ninety-six miles from the confluence of the Aruwimi with the Congo, in the very heart of Africa, and some 1,300 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. He had reached this point in four months and three weeks from the date of leaving London, having taken Egypt, Zanzibar, and Cape Town on the way, and in three months from the mouth of the Congo. When the Congo railway is built to Stanley Pool, it should only take six weeks to travel between London and Yambuya, in the heart of Africa, viâ Lisbon, Banana (the Congo mouth), and Stanley Pool.

After giving Major Barttelot (who, together with Messrs. Jameson, Troup, Ward, and Bonny, was left in charge of the rear column) the most elaborate instructions—the gist of which was, that he should await at Yambuya the arrival of Stanley's remaining goods and men which want of means of transport had compelled him to leave at various points on the Congo, and then, if possible, to push on along Stanley's road with the reserve stores and the 600 porters whom Tipu-Tipu* had promised—Stanley plunged into the great forest with Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, Dr. Parke, a European servant, and 383 men. The name of the European servant, by-the-bye, is not given, nor is his fate told us. The following of 383 men consisted mainly of Zanzibaris, Soudanese, and a few Somalis. On the first-named fell the bulk of the work. The Soudanese were sulky, quarrelsome, and easily dejected. The Somalis died like flies. Out of this company of 383 near 200 perished or deserted on the awful journey which ensued from Yambuya on the Aruwimi to the Albert Nyanza and back again to Yambuya.

H. H. Johnston.

A GREAT FRENCHMAN.

Life of Léon Gambetta. (The Statesmen Series.) By Frank T. Marzials. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1890.

Mr. Marzials' Life of Gambetta is on the whole not badly written, though it is here and there disfigured by horribly affected phrases, such as "this

* Commonly and incorrectly called "Tippoo-tib."

man of halt tongue and enigmatic taciturnity," and "a voice rolling unreluctant over the fallen dynasty." We could easily give other flowers of rhetoric, but these specimens may serve well enough to show the sort of thing we object to. There are a few inevitable Gallicisms too, as "going without saying," and the like, but still the writing is always intelligible, and often forcible, if frequently somewhat stilted and sometimes incorrect.

When we pass from the manner to the matter, we have very much less fault to find with Mr. Marzials; indeed, we have little fault to find at all. There is occasionally a certain insularity of tone, and a too frequent dogmatism about doubtful points. Probably the book would be better if its author were a little more in harmony with his hero's general way of thinking, though we must at the same time acknowledge that we mostly agree with Mr. Marzials where he differs with Gambetta. However, on the whole, very full justice is done to Gambetta. The general bigness and broadness of the man, combined with a certain magnanimity of nature, is ungrudgingly acknowledged, and the oratorical side of him, which was perhaps his greatest, is amply shown both in the way of extract and comment. "There is something about him," says Mr. Marzials, "that is large, genial, generous. No one could hit harder. No one probably ever felt a keener delight in the strife of words, a wilder Berserker rage of battle. When the orator fury was upon him, he lashed out with a terrible force. But the conflict once over, he bore from it no bitter memories. The blows he had himself received left no rankling wounds." This is truly and spiritedly put, save that we had better be without our old friend the Berserker.

It is when we come from the man to the statesman that the whole difficulty arises. It is not, however, any business of ours to go into any lengthened criticism here as to Gambetta's claims to statesmanship, though we think them very real; much less have we space to enter with any detail into the sayings or doings of his short but very eventful life. There was little that was not creditable to him throughout, whether in his vehement opposition to the Empire, his energetic and patriotic if unsuccessful efforts to prolong the war, or his skilful and generally cautious Parliamentary tactics during the MacMahon *régime*. Only towards the close of his career, and the collapse of his short (only about five months) and altogether unsuccessful Ministry, can we find anything that may be properly called failure; but whether this want of success was due to any shortcomings in the man himself, or only to the unfavourable circumstances under which he was in a measure forced to take office, must ever remain more or less a matter of speculation. His death, at the end of 1882, following close upon his expulsion from office in the beginning of the same year, has cast a cloud of uncertainty over his career which may never be altogether dissipated. For such "light and leading," however, as can now be got on this and kindred subjects, we can only commend the reader to the book we are noticing, and especially to the very sufficient summing up of the career of Gambetta in its closing chapter, from which we may quote the opening paragraph:—"Fourteen years, from the 14th of November, 1868, to 31st of December, 1882, so long and no longer had it taken to exhaust Gambetta's exuberant vitality. He was a young man of thirty at the earlier of these dates: he was only forty-four when he died; and yet within the short intervening space what a throng of events, and what unceasing labours and anxieties! Twice he had been, without question, the foremost man in France: once during his dictatorship in the year of the war, and again when he was leading the Republican forces to victory over the various Monarchical parties. That his prestige and influence had suffered some decline with the fall of his Ministry is undeniable; but it was a decline which had in it all the promise of a new and ampler day. Had he lived till now, there seems little doubt that France, in her sore need and dearth of men, would have turned to him again as her one real statesman."

There is little doubt indeed but France must have sought Gambetta's aid again if he had lived, but a certain doubt must always remain now as to what he could have done with her. Mr. Marzials, in his concluding chapter, from the opening of which we have quoted the passage given above, goes on to summarise the character of the man, mostly in a very favourable sense, but he thinks there was a fatal faultiness about his political creed, which more or less hampered his action throughout. According to Mr. Marzials, Gambetta had bolted too hastily all the shibboleths of the French Revolution—what may be shortly called the liberty, equality, and fraternity theory of things—and that neither he nor anybody else could digest and assimilate such food in its unadulterated form. There is probably some truth in all this; but then Gambetta, like many men before and after, not only could, but did, cast his abstract theories to the winds; and it is not likely that he would have allowed these democratic fetishes, of which Mr. Marzials talks, to interfere seriously with what he took to be necessary for either the honour or safety of France. We have said nothing here of that opportunism of which the world has heard so much, but Mr. Marzials says much about it, and one would think that he must see that, whatever might be the mistakes Gambetta was likely to fall into, they could scarcely be those of political *intransigeance*. Any way, and whatever may be thought of Gambetta's actual achievements in the past, or of his future possibilities, we think it may be fairly granted that his was a very big personality, and that he was probably the greatest man of action his country has produced since the death of the first Napoleon.

THE EARLY ENGLISH NOVEL.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL IN THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE. By J. J. Jusserand. Translated from the French by Elizabeth Lee. Revised and Enlarged by the Author. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

ONE of the first things that strike the reader in M. Jusserand's new and charming volume is the singularly satisfactory and appropriate character of his "embellishments." They are illustrations in the best sense, since, being confined to facsimiles and portraits, they assist the text without intrusion of a fresh individuality, that of an interpreting artist. There are independent persons, indeed, who hold that book-illustration should be mainly restricted to this—that the pictorial realisation of an imaginative text, and especially a great author's text, is an impertinence; and they instance the "Don Quixote" of Doré and the "Shakespeare" of Sir John Gilbert as proofs of their position. The question is one concerning which a good many disagreeable things might be said on both sides, and it is, therefore, one which, in these peaceable columns, we do not propose to discuss. It is more material to note how cumbersome and costly and ineffective such an illustrated book as "The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare" would have been a hundred years ago. Its *heliogravures* would have been copper- or steel-plate engravings, very expensive, and—unless by any chance they had fallen into the hands of some such clever facsimilist as Basire—subject to all sorts of modifications; its "wooden cuts" would have been cheaper, but still open to vexatious variations in their transfer to the block and their translation by the graver. In these days of photography and processes, M. Jusserand is able to give us, at small expense, what are in all respects accurate reductions of the contemporary designs with which he has chosen to decorate his text. The Dujardin process renders every jewel in the stomacher, every "reticulation" in the ruff of William Rogers's stiff old print of "Greatest Gloriana" in her state robes; it gives us every bird and flower and tendril upon that wonderful

"Diana like" fancy dress in which Zucchero has depicted her at Hampton Court. It supplies us with admirable copies of the portraits of Sidney and "Sidney's sister," and of Beckett's mezzotint of the "matchless Orinda." Nor are the reproductions of old woodcuts and sketches less effective, while they are frequently more quaint. Here, for instance, is John de Witt's recently discovered drawing of the Swan Theatre in Shakespeare's time, and Caxton's idea of the Canterbury Pilgrims as they sat round the table at The Tabard; here, between the "Lake of Indifference" and the "Sea of Enmity," is Scudéry's "Fleuve du Tendre" meandering through the Arcady (alas! how different from Dr. Jessopp's!) of the famous "Clélie." But, by far the oddest illustration is the frontispiece to "The Extravagant Shepherd" of 1653, in which the artist has taken the rapturous metaphors of the writer *au pied de la lettre*. Real lilies and roses bloom in this lady's vermeil cheek; suns radiant are her eyes; her teeth are pearls; her brows are stringless bows. In her forehead a full-grown Cupid is encushioned; her hair is a-dangle with hearts, and her breasts are not merely symmetrical hemispheres, but hemispheres figured with seas and continents, and accurately marked with the meridians of longitude. Could the force of realism go further?

But to linger longer upon the illustrations would be to suggest the idea that the "pictures for the page atone," and that M. Jusserand is "saved by beauties not his own." This is a conclusion which we by no means desire to imply. His book, on the contrary, is thoroughly fresh and stimulating; and still, even in its English form, bears about it the charm of that skilful disposition of the subject-matter which seems to come instinctively to every Frenchman. But M. Jusserand has also two incalculable advantages not often found in combination—he knows his theme as well as (or better than) a native, and his theme is a comparatively new one. In the history of English literature the chapter on the Novel under Elizabeth has not been more exhaustive than that in Horrebow concerning Owls. Indeed, the only book with which we are acquainted that touches the question at all is Professor Masson's lectures upon "British Novelists and their Styles," which devotes some half-dozen pages to Sidney's "Arcadia," "Euphues," and the "Utopia" of More. As regards other writers, the land seems to have been a *terra incognita*, in whose maps the geographers of the past have not even taken the trouble to put elephants instead of towns. Of these unexplored regions M. Jusserand is the Stanley, and he has discovered something larger than pigmies. He shows that during the reign of Elizabeth the English novel not only existed, but flourished; that its writers in some instances lived by writing it; that their books went through more editions than *Hamlet* or *Othello*; and that they were even translated into French long before a line of Shakespeare had appeared in that language. Moreover, this first instalment of M. Jusserand's researches has by no means exhausted his theme. After four hundred and twenty pages, he is bound to confess that he had had to leave aside all the versions of those Italian stories which Shakespeare knew so well; and also the large collection of popular romances, the "Robin Hoods," the "Friar Bacons," the "Tom-a-Lincolns," and the like, with which, according to Decker's "Guls Horne-booke," it was held "not altogether unprofitable, nor any way hurtful," but "very fitte to passe away the tediousness of the long winter's evenings."

Like a good literary artist, M. Jusserand groups his minor round his major personages, and gives his wider spaces to his central figures—the radiating centres of his period. Thus the greater part of his pages is devoted to studies of Lyly and his Euphues, of Sydney and Pastoral Romance, of Nash and the Picaresque Novel. His account of the first two is charming; but we suspect that the chapter on "Lyly's Legatees" (Greene, Breton, Lodge, etc.) and that upon Nash and his congeners, will, because it is the least known portion of his work, prove most interesting to the student. In all of these he detects the germ of the novel of the eighteenth century, finding in Sidney and Lyly distinct premonitions of Richardson, and in Nash's extraordinary "Life of Jack Wilton," not only a mere foretaste, but actually "the best specimen of the picaresque tale in English literature anterior to Defoe." His account of this hitherto practically unknown book is, in fact, so attractive as to suggest whether it might not be well to reprint it forthwith in some cheaper and more accessible form than that of the existing Grosart edition in which it is included. M. Jusserand's final chapter deals with the novel after Shakespeare, and touches upon the performances of Mrs. Katharine Philips, and the translations of those long-winded French Romances which were read by Mrs. Pepys and Dorothy Osborne—by Addison's "Leonora" and Fielding's "Miss Western." "I was called the cruel Parthenissa," says the last named lady, with a double reminiscence of her own far-distant Toasthood, and of Lord Broghill's "most fam'd romance." Concerning all these M. Jusserand has much to say; and he says it so admirably as to make us hope he will return to the subject. Meanwhile, we hasten to invite the attention of the reader to one of the brightest, most scholarly, and most interesting volumes of literary history which it has been our good fortune to meet with for many a long day.

A VERY SERIOUS POETESS.

LOSTARA. A Poem. By Sophia Lydia Walters. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

THERE is a pleasant story of Dr. Johnson. Two pretty Quakeresses were anxious to make his acquaintance. With this object they prepared an elaborately eloquent address, and on being ushered into his awful presence, one of them proceeded to read it. But the sage at once cut the fair speaker short with "Tut, tut, my dear," and relieved them both of all further embarrassment by taking one on one knee and the other on the other. The fair authoress of the volume before us has, in aspiring to fame as a poetess, made a mistake similar to the mistake made by these young Quakeresses in approaching Dr. Johnson. She has not relied on her native charms. She has neither confined herself to the sphere in which it is woman's natural prerogative to excel, nor consequently has she done justice to the gifts—and they are always attractive—with which women are commonly endowed. When we say that the poem is dedicated to "those thinkers, whose mode of reasoning tends to reconcile opposing schools of science and philosophy," that one of its appalling mottoes is, "We leave our thoughts to themselves till they shoot into crystals spontaneously, or according to eternal laws, we watch the process like an attentive chemist, and when the elements have taken their form, we often wonder that they are so very different from what we expected," that the author describes herself as one

> "That no earthly law can bind.
> The hard and set rules of theology
> Can teach me not, nor yet can science bind
> My goings, nor has any school of thought
> To mortals known my mystery attained.
> Faith binds me not: to ghost-seers I am nought—"

we perceive at once that we are in deep water, and under the escort of a somewhat perplexing guide. On emerging from the deep water of the mottoes and introduction into the poem itself, we find ourselves in a wilderness peopled with angels "who seem masculine in sense," such as "that charmed joy called Splendrinore;" with Lostara, "who brings Splendrinore unto the free," also with Pearla, Dewvor, Nyrone, and others, who are continually breaking out—sometimes sweetly, sometimes rather huskily—into very unintelligible lyrics. The whole poem is a novel and bewildering compound—

appearing to be a sort of quintessence of the blended influence of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Edgar Allan Poe, Professor Max Müller, Walt Whitman, Chatterton, Professor Tyndall, Jean Ingelow, but, above all, of

> "The drowned, the burnt, the buried, the exhumed
> And deathless poet of the heights sublime"—

need we add, as Mr. Micawber would say, the lamented Shelley? The general impression which the poem makes is something similar to that made on us by the speech of Miss Codger to Mr. Elijah Pogram when those tremendous souls meet. "Mind and matter glide swift into the vortex of immensity. Howls the sublime and softly sleeps the calm Ideal in the whispering chambers of Imagination. To hear it sweet it is. But then outlaughs the stern Philosopher, and saith to the Grotesque, 'What ho! arrest for me that agency; go, bring it here!' And so the vision fadeth."

We have not the honour to know more of the authoress of this poem than what we can gather from the title-page. If she be young, and has her life before her, we would say in all kindness,

> "Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height."

She may not at present agree with us, but we can assure her that the stanza

> "Pleasant is the eventide
> When the lamp and firelight shine,
> When the world is sad outside,
> Then the home-light is divine.
> Think not of to-day, oh care not for to-morrow,
> Watch the firelight play, and leave the world to sorrow—"

is, if not of great value, worth reams of the jargoning of her Pearlas and Lovarres and Lostaras—the commentary on which and on the like of which will be the same from all those who know anything about either Poetry or Philosophy—*Tut, tut.*

If our fair poetesses would only remember that we do not read Mrs. Browning for her "Rhapsody of Life's Progress," but for the poems which are the unaffected expression of her simple womanly nature, it would be better for them and better for all of us too.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH: a Study in Comparative Religion. By J. S. Frazer, M.A., Fellow of Trinity Coll., Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

UNDER the quaint title of "The Golden Bough" Mr. Frazer has given us a very interesting and suggestive study in primitive mythology and superstition, which is, as he tells us, a sort of prelude to a more elaborate treatise on the same subject. The professed aim of this present book is to explain the singular tale familiar to us from the Latin poets, of the priest of Diana at Nemi, near Aricia in Latium, "the priest who slew the slayer and shall himself be slain," a priest who was himself a runaway slave and had gained his office by slaying his predecessor. In the grove of this sanctuary of Nemi, whose lovely little lake is known even to those who have never been out of England by Turner's famous picture, there grew a tree whereof no branch might be broken. But if a runaway slave could break one of its boughs, he was thereupon entitled to challenge the priest, and if he slew him, to take the priesthood in his stead, bearing the title of King of the Grove. This bough was said to be the Golden Bough, which, as we are told in the sixth book of the Æneid, Æneas found and broke off at the Sibyl's command, and carried with him on his memorable descent into Hades. About the priesthood there is no doubt, for Caligula, with characteristic malignity, paid a bravo to slaughter, according to the terms of the office, a priest who had held his post longer than pleased the despot. Our ancient authorities give us no explanation of the problem of this strange tenure and its accompanying incidents. But that wealth of knowledge regarding ancient superstitions, customs, legends, and tales which recent research has accumulated, comes to the aid of the modern inquirer, and Mr. Frazer investigates every feature of the story with wide learning and no small ingenuity. In particular he describes fully and draws many conclusions from the agricultural usages of the peasantry in various parts of Europe as they appear at various festivals or celebrations not yet quite extinct.

> "A justification is, perhaps, needed of the length at which I have dwelt upon the popular festivals observed by European peasants in spring, at midsummer, and at harvest. It can hardly be too often repeated, since it is not yet generally recognised, that in spite of their fragmentary character the popular superstitions and customs of the peasantry are by far the fullest and most trustworthy evidence we possess regarding the primitive religion of the Aryans. Indeed, the primitive Aryan, in all that regards his mental fibre and texture, is not extinct. He is amongst us to this day. The great intellectual and moral forces which have revolutionised the educated world have scarcely affected the peasant. In his inmost belief he is what his forefathers were when forest trees still grew, and squirrels played on the ground where Rome and London now stand. Hence every inquiry into the primitive religion of the Aryans should either start from the superstitious beliefs and observances of the peasantry, or should at least be constantly controlled and checked by reference to them."—(Preface, p. viii.)

If the last sentence but one in this passage contains some exaggeration, the last sentence is fully justified, and inquiries into the surviving superstitions and usages of European peasants may be quite as instructive as are those researches from which we have learnt so much, into the rites and usages of savage races. We are surprised, however, to find the author so frequently talking of Aryan religions and customs as if they were generically different from the religions and customs of other branches of the human family.

The progress of Mr. Frazer's argument is, in its briefest outline, as follows:—He begins by pointing out some of the causes which connect kingship with divinity, and which cause a human being to be regarded as divine, and shows how such powers as those of making rain and sunshine by magical means come to be ascribed to men, temporarily or permanently, divine; and how the human god, possessing the power of procuring the desired kind of weather, is made responsible if it does not arrive, and may even be slain. He then enters the wide field of Tree Spirits and Tree Worship generally; and after examining into the primitive conception of the soul as a sort of small animal within the body, explains the nature of the Tabus imposed on the priest or king with a view of averting danger for his soul. He then shows what reasons exist in the mind of primitive man, for killing his human god; and shows that among gods so killed, Tree Spirits, frequently embodied in men, are often to be found. It is in this part of the volume that the summer and harvest customs of the peasantry are most largely laid under contributions. The May Queen, Jack in the Green, the Harvest Maiden of Balquhidder (whom the author was himself lucky enough to see), the Oats Bride of Silesia, all turn out to be Tree or Plant Spirits or effigies thereof. We are shown how these vegetable spirits are killed, sometimes in a human form, sometimes in the form of an animal, sometimes with the idea of treating them as scapegoats, sometimes in order that their life, while still fresh and strong, may be transferred to a new bearer of it. Then we come to the bough itself, which Mr. Frazer holds to be the mistletoe. He begins by reverting to the doctrine of Tabus, and shows that the object, animate or inanimate, in which a mysterious force resides is frequently prevented from receiving mischief or from expending its force by being kept apart, and especially by being suspended between earth and sky. The mistletoe, therefore, is sacred and mystic, because it grows as a parasite upon other trees, and (though it is now less common upon the oak than upon some other trees) it was associated in primitive times with the oak because that was then a very common tree, forming vast forests, and a sacred one to many tribes. After examining the Balder myth, in which the mistletoe plays a leading part, our author suggests that the mistletoe was regarded

as the external soul of the oak, and finds in this the reason for the rule that it must be broken off before the Tree Spirit, which lives in and belongs to the oak, can be killed in its embodied form. It is therefore the sacred Bough, and golden because of its association with sunlight and with fire—an association explained in an ingenious way too long to set forth. Gold and fire, as every reader of old Norse poetry knows, are constantly identified in early thinking, and Pindar's juxtaposition of them is something more than a poetical conceit. It is probably a mere accident that we find both "Golden Boughs" in a land of subterranean fire, for the lake of Nemi is an extinct volcanic crater, as is Avernus among the Phlegræan fields.

Thus shortly stated, the hypothesis which the book is intended to prove is that the priest of Nemi embodied in himself the spirit, primarily of the "woods," and secondarily of vegetable life in general. Hence according as he was well or ill, the woods, the flowers, and the fields were believed to flourish or fade; and if he were to die of sickness or old age, the plant world, it was believed, would simultaneously languish or perish. Therefore it was necessary that this priest of the woodlands, this sylvan deity incarnate in a man, should be put to death while he was still in the full bloom of his divine manhood, in order that his sacred life, transmitted in unabated force to his successor, might renew its youth, and thus by successive transmissions through a perpetual line of vigorous incarnations, might remain eternally fresh and young, a pledge and security that the buds and blossoms of spring, the verdure of summer woods, and the mellow glories of autumn would never fail, while in order to slay the Tree Spirit incarnate in the priest or King of the Grove, the Oak Soul, residing in the mistletoe, must first be slain by the breaking off of the mistletoe bough.

We have no space to test the links in this chain of argument. That there are weak links in it Mr. Frazer himself admits; hypotheses which need more evidence to establish them than has yet been gathered, and omissions to deal with other hypotheses to explain admitted facts which are quite as plausible as those he has adopted. But the book, though far from perfect in its form and structure, is in its substance of remarkable interest, not unworthy to be named along with the latest work ("The Religion of the Semites") of the distinguished man, Mr. W. Robertson Smith, to whom it is dedicated. We have noted some small errors here and there, as when Mr. Frazer calls the Khonds and Gonds of Central India Dravidian races, and the old Prussians of the Vistula, Slavs instead of Lithuanians; but these errors are few when one allows for the width of the field and the variety of the matters dealt with. A graver fault may be noted in the somewhat amorphous character of the book. It is too much of an accumulation of details in the manner of Mr. Tylor and Sir John Lubbock—details among the mazes of which the unskilled reader may easily lose himself—too little of an ordered and reasoned argument.

However, even those who may be fatigued by the details or perplexed by the argumentation will be repaid by the illustrative matter, and particularly by the parts relating to the primitive meanings of sacrifice, the primitive use of sacraments, the primitive conceptions of the Soul or Inner Life, as well as by the explanations of many curious superstitions which have held their own to this day among civilised peoples, such as the habit of covering mirrors in a house where one has died, the throwing of rice at weddings, the "crying of the neck" in Devonshire, the St. John's Day fires of Ireland. A week ago policemen in Tipperary were extinguishing Midsummer Day bonfires, kindled not so much to defy Mr. Balfour, as in pursuance of a custom older than Nebuchadnezzar. In return for the pleasure Mr. Frazer's collection of data for the history of early religions has given us, we will give him two curious facts which he may use in a future edition to further illustrate points he has here dealt with. One relates to the superstition of the external soul in the navel, adverted to in vol. ii., p. 329. We have seen a Hawaian islander wrap in a leaf and hide away in a crevice of a rock in the midst of a river, a scrap of flesh from the navel, plastering up the orifice to keep it the safer, no doubt with the aim of protecting that part of his life which he had stored therein. The other turns on the oracles from the movement of animals, of which several instances are given. When the Tibetans were preparing, some two years ago, to attack our forces posted on the pass above Chumbi, which leads from Sikkim into Tibet, they consulted the future by means of the Shivering Goat, and finding the omens favourable, advanced to their doom. So do the superstitions of a remote antiquity mingle themselves on the frontiers of India, like the bonfires in Tipperary, with the history of our own days.

PROFUSE AND PERFERVID.

The Picture of Dorian Gray. By Oscar Wilde. *Lippincott's Magazine*, July, 1890. London: Ward, Lock & Co.

Perfervid: the Career of Ninian Jamieson. By John Davidson, with illustrations by Harry Furniss. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

By a stroke of good fortune, singular at this season, the two stories which we have taken up to review this week turn out to be—each in its way—of no slight interest. Of Mr. Wilde's work this was to be expected. Let it be granted, to begin with, that the conception of the story is exceedingly strong. A young man of remarkable beauty, perfect in body, but undeveloped—or, rather, lacking altogether—in soul, becomes the dear friend of a painter of genius. The artist, under the spell of this friendship, is painting the youth's portrait. Enter to them the spirit of evil, in the shape of Lord Henry Wotten, an extremely *fin de siècle* gentleman, who, by a few inspiring words, supplies, or calls into life, the boy's missing soul—and it is an evil one. Henceforward the tale develops the growth of this evil soul, side by side with this mystery—that while vice and debauchery write no wrinkle on the boy's face, but pass from it as breath off a pane and leave it perennially innocent and lovely, every vile action scores its mark upon the portrait, which keeps accurate record of a loathsome life.

It has been insinuated that this story should be suppressed in the interest of morality. Mr. Wilde has answered that art and ethics have nothing to do with each other. His boldness in resting his defence on the general proposition is the more exemplary, as he might fairly have insisted on the particular proposition—that the teaching of his book is conspicuously right in morality. If we have correctly interpreted the book's motive—and we are at a loss to conceive what other can be devised—this position is unassailable. There is, perhaps, a passage or so in the description of Dorian's decline that were better omitted. But this is a matter of taste.

The motive of the tale, then, is strong. It is in his treatment of it that Mr. Wilde has failed, and his mistakes are easy of detection. Whether they can be as readily corrected is doubtful. To begin with, the author has a style as striking as his matter; but he has entirely missed reconciling the two. There is an amateurish lack of precision in the descriptive passages. They are laboured, finicking, overlaid with paint: and therefore they want vigour. "The Picture of Dorian Gray" has been compared very naturally with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and we would invite Mr. Wilde to take up that story, and consider the bold, sharply defined strokes with which its atmosphere and *milieu* are put in. Such brevity as Mr. Stevenson's comes from sureness of knowledge, not want of care, and is the first sign of mastery. Nor is Mr. Wilde too wordy alone: he is too paradoxical. Only the cook who has yet to learn will

run riot in truffles. We will admit at once that Lord Henry's epigrams are admirable examples, taken separately; but a story demands simplicity and proportion, and here we have neither: it demands restraint, and here we find profusion only; it demands point, and here the point is too often obscured by mere cleverness. Lord Harry's mission in the book is to lead Dorian Gray to destruction; and he does so, if you please, at the end of a string of epigrams.

In fact, we should doubt that Mr. Wilde possessed the true story-teller's temperament, were it not for some half a dozen passages. Here is one, where Dorian tells of his engagement to Sibyl Vane, the actress:—

> "Lips," he says, "that Shakespeare taught to speak have whispered their secret in my ear. I have had the arms of Rosalind around me, and kissed Juliet on the mouth."
>
> "Have you seen her to-day?" asked Lord Henry.
>
> "Dorian Gray shook his head. "I left her in the forest of Arden; I shall find her in an orchard in Verona."
>
> Lord Henry sipped his champagne in a meditative manner. "At what particular point did you mention the word marriage, Dorian? and what did she say in answer? Perhaps you forgot all about it."
>
> "My dear Harry, I did not treat it as a business transaction, and I did not make any formal proposal. I told her that I loved her, and she said she was not worthy to be my wife. Not worthy! Why, the whole world is nothing to me compared to her."
>
> "Women are wonderfully practical," murmured Lord Henry; "much more practical than we are. In situations of this kind we often forget to say anything about marriage, and they always remind us."

The last chapter of the tale is good story-telling throughout, in style and matter—as good as Chapter IX. is bad. And when Mr. Wilde thoroughly sees why two particular sentences in that last chapter—

> "The Park is quite lovely now. I don't think there have been such lilacs since the year I met you—"

though trivial in themselves are full of significance and beauty in their setting, he will be far on the road to eminence in fiction. He has given us a work of serious art, strong and fascinating, in spite of its blemishes. Will he insist on being taken seriously, and go on to give us a better?

In its way, "Perfervid" is as striking a tale as "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and is as full of excellences and faults. Whoever Mr. John Davidson may be, he shall be welcomed as the possessor of a style at once light and vigorous, and of a very pretty gift of humour. In the first half of the volume this humour runs to fantastic excess; but we would implore the reader to go forward without fear, and he shall find in Part II. a little narrative as tender as it has been our lot to meet. "The Pilgrimage of Strongsoul and Saunders Elshander," as Mr. Davidson entitles the second half of his book, is fantastic too, no doubt. It treats of a little boy who travels forth upon the world with the "Pilgrim's Progress" for guide, and of the adventures he meets. It defies probability with a light heart, but it is sincerely and engagingly human, nevertheless; and while it makes you laugh—even at the very moment when it makes you laugh—it comes perilously near to making you weep also.

We are the more concerned that the reader should gird up his loins to reach this second part, and taste the delight we found in it, because the first part is decidedly tantalising. A man, we suspect, who really cares for style, will find no difficulty; but there is a serious drawback to the charm of the book in its obvious infelicity of structure. We can forgive even "Tristram Shandy," but we cannot at first forgive Mr. Davidson. The two parts of the book contain two parallel series of adventures, with no more connection than this, that the hero in Part II. is the son of the hero in Part I. In fact they are even less coherent than the two halves of Bunyan's great work.

To us this seems a radical defect; but when we turn and search the book for indications of ability rather than actual achievement, we can forgive very easily. In sense of proportion, firmness of touch, restraint, the writer has every advantage over Mr. Wilde. He has especially the art of speaking home with few words, the art so seldom learnt. We can imagine that many will be merely irritated by "Perfervid": but those whom genuine humour conciliates will keep a warm corner in their hearts for this little volume.

WITH SWORD AND PEN.

Mayne Reid: a Memoir of his Life. By Elizabeth Reid, his widow. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

The problem, What shall I do with my life?—we should say rather, the succession of problems, for even though the *pons asinorum*, the choice of a career, be fortunately crossed, it is only the first and easiest of countless difficulties—has never been harder to solve for men like Mayne Reid than in the present century. Those high-strung, adventurous natures, the slaves of their imaginations, which in former times were never at a loss for some Drake or Raleigh to follow, some Stuart Pretender, or romantic Irish patriot, or even a Paul Jones or a Captain Kyd, have fallen on evil times. The world will soon be cracked like a nut; science and commerce between them will manage that, and when the kernel is peeled, and the whole earth inside and out as "evident to any formal capacity" as Malvolio found Maria's letter, even such a career as Mayne Reid stumbled upon will have become as impossible to the adventurous spirit as highway robbery on the Edgware Road or piracy in the English Channel. The splendour and the isolation of the cases in which imaginative daring has succeeded in recent years in carving out a career of action are a twofold testimony to the overwhelming difficulty of finding, not the line of least resistance, but the line that is not positively irresistible: and the two most notable as well as most noble examples of the reappearance or survival of the berserkir mood among Englishmen are distinguished above all others because of something higher and deeper than the mere pressure of the adventurous instinct; the passion that sanctified the lives of Gordon and Livingstone, however we may name it, transcended that of almost all adventurers since Godfrey of Bouillon and Peter the Hermit. We need hardly say that it is not the spirit of the first crusaders that we find in Mayne Reid. He represents the soldier of fortune. His temperament had much in common with Mr. Stanley's; and in his writing we have the same slip-shod rhetoric and self-glorification; the latter which, in various disguises, is known to the readers of his novels, appears nakedly in the autobiographic fragment incorporated by Mrs. Reid in her interesting memoir. We are bound to add, however, that Mayne Reid's egotism is always genial.

After the stormy boyhood and youth usual with men of his type, at the age of twenty-two Mayne Reid went to America. As tutor, store-keeper, nigger-driver, schoolmaster—in a wooden school of his own building—trapper, player, poet, he spent six years. Then the second outbreak of the war between Mexico and the United States occurred, and by good luck he obtained a commission in a New York regiment. During the stirring scenes that ended with the capture of the city of Mexico all his energies were for the first time thoroughly roused. "Who is that young officer leading the charge on our right?" asked Captain Peternell at the siege of Chapultepec. One of his men answered him, "It is a New Yorker by the name of Mayne Reid—a hell of a fellow." As a consequence of his daring he was severely wounded, reported dead, and mourned in halting verses by a young poetess. After his convalescence he wrote his first novel, "The Rifle Rangers," full of his Mexican experiences, and alive with the pleasure of his newly discovered talent. Then came "The Scalp Hunters," which no man can remember without a thrill, not for the magnificent adventures alone, but because it is the story in which the love-passages appeal most directly to boyhood. Mr. Swinburne declares that every Englishman is in love with Jane Eyre; it is less

hyperbolical to say that every English boy is in love with Zoe. But it was in action that Reid wished to distinguish himself, as his volunteer corps, and his frustrated intention to accompany Kossuth on his return to Hungary prove. No further career as a soldier of fortune opened to him however, and he had to stick to his writing. Two romances he did realise. He found the Zoe of his dreams in England, and married her. The narrative of his courtship will be found one of the strangest. The second realised ideal, like Scott's Abbotsford, was in stone and lime—a Mexican *hacienda*. As in the case of the greater romancist the realisation was attended with disaster, and in 1866, at the age of forty-eight, Reid had to begin the world over again. His energy and capacity made his re-establishment only a matter of time. One can only lament that with his vigorous frame, command over men, ardent disposition, and power of organisation—above all with his passionate desire for action—no other course was open to him than to settle down into a professional writer of stories for boys.

In complaining that his classic lore "lay upon his mind like lumber," Mayne Reid displays the strength and the limitation of his talent. Whatever he had observed he was master of and could use most effectively, but he was unable to do anything with his second-hand knowledge—that knowledge which it is the chief delight of the literary man *par excellence* to keep alive. His trapper and Mexican stories, dealing with the most exciting events and scenes in his own life, are his best work; his historical novels his worst. "The Scalp Hunters," "The Rifle Rangers," and "The Headless Horseman," may have numerous rivals, but we think in their own line they have never been surpassed.

Mrs. Reid tries to efface herself in this memoir, but she cannot conceal her devotion to her husband in his life-time, and her book is now evidence of her loyalty to his memory. There are two engravings; one of the unfortunate *hacienda*, and the other of the novelist. His face is curiously suggestive of George Henry Lewes and Victor Emmanuel.

SOME OF THE MAGAZINES.

THE *Nineteenth Century* opens with a brief note by Sir J. Pope Hennessy on "The African Bubble," and one of Professor Huxley's stand-up fights with the theologians. This time, the Professor occupies himself with the writers of "Lux Mundi," and his article is mainly devoted to the Deluge, which he calls "a Bowdlerised version of one of the oldest pieces of purely fictitious literature extant." He takes the concessions of "Lux Mundi," and asks for more; and his arguments have, as always, the art to be readable. Mr. T. W. Russell's contribution, "Compensation or Confiscation," has a melancholy interest, and Sir Alfred Lyall's words on "Official Polytheism in China" will doubtless be eagerly hunted up when the matter itself becomes of burning interest. More important are two articles towards the close of the number—the first, a dialogue "On Criticism; with some Remarks on the Importance of Doing Nothing," by Mr. Oscar Wilde; the second, Sergeant Palmer's rejoinder to the many witnesses who have accused him of wanton falsehood in his story of Tel-el-Kebir. Mr. Wilde's characters have many good things to say, as, for instance, that print spoils the true rhythm of prose; that Browning was not fascinated by thought but by its processes; and "the method by which the fool arrives at his folly was so dear to him as the ultimate wisdom of the wise;" that all fine imaginative work is self-conscious; and that the only use of our *attachés* in the East is that they supply their friends with excellent tobacco. Sergeant Palmer replies to his accusers by giving chapter and verse for his former statements; and we shall expect to hear more on this little squabble.

The *Contemporary* is chiefly remarkable for the Rev. Benjamin Waugh's article on Child-Life Insurance. It is cruel reading for any man with a heart, and is written by one who has the best right to be heard. M. Gabriel Monod reviews French Affairs, and Mr. Sidney Webb writes with information and vigour in favour of Poor Law Reform. In "A New Profession Wanting Professors," Mr. Pennell demands a school for illustrators. He justly emphasises the superiority of the Americans in the matter of illustration, but it seems ungentle of him to sneer at the *Daily Graphic*, considering the strides it has made in the short six months of its existence.

The most notable articles in the *Fortnightly Review* are "E. B. Lanin's" account of Russian Prisons, and the papers on England and Germany in Africa by Mr. Johnston, Commander Cameron, and Mr. E. W. Beckett, M.P. Of the story told by Mr. Lanin we can hardly trust ourselves to speak. No more terrible indictment of Russian misgovernment has ever been given to the world, and it is an indictment fortified by constant references to authentic documents. To say that Russian prisons to-day are in many cases infinitely worse than English prisons were before John Howard began his work is to put the case in the mildest manner, whilst the horror of the story told by Mr. Lanin is intensified by the knowledge that thousands of absolutely innocent persons have to undergo the tortures moral and physical which are the common lot of men and women confined by order of the Czar. Mr. Johnston's tribute to the discussion of the Anglo-German agreement is sound and sensible, and may be commended to those who wish for a plain statement of facts. The fierce attack upon the Anglo-German agreement by Mr. Beckett is notable as an outburst of the feeling which prevails so widely throughout the Tory party, and is so largely responsible for that Tory discontent of which we speak elsewhere. There are few members of Parliament on the Ministerial side, however, who have Mr. Beckett's courage.

The American magazines are unusually good this month, good as they always are in illustration, but better than usual in literary matter. We have spoken elsewhere of the leading contribution to *Lippincott*. *The Century* has its usual bountiful supply of topographical articles and stories and sketches, "The Anglomaniacs" being one that specially deserves attention on the part of those Englishmen who wish to see themselves as others see them. *Harper's* provides us with a continuation of the last adventures of the illustrious Tartarin from the pen of Daudet, and the story of Jonathan Wild is told again with vigour and fidelity to truth. But perhaps the article which will have the greatest attraction for the English reader is that upon social life in Oxford by Miss Arnold, which is well written and admirably illustrated.

The *Cornhill* is strongest in its fiction. Two stories which promise well are begun in this month's number. One is from the pen of the author of that very powerful story of the Indian Mutiny, called "The Touchstone of Peril," which appeared some years ago, and failed to meet with the reception it merited. The present story has the same great tragedy as its theme, and the opening chapters are full of life, and steeped in the Indian atmosphere of 1857. Of a lighter character is the tale entitled "A Bride from the Bush," and if this be, as we are led to believe, from the pen of a new writer, we must hope great things from the future performances of the author. For the rest the contents of the *Cornhill* are as pleasant and instructive as usual. In *Murray's Magazine* for July there is a poem in blank verse by Mr. Lewis Morris, an account of Scotland Yard by Mr. Hall Richardson, which has at least the advantage of being timely, and discussions upon the question of Technical Education and Trades Unionism from competent pens. An excellent ghost story, called "The Empty Compartment," adds to the attractions of a really good number.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

SIR CHARLES WILSON has just written a lucid, animated, and impressive summary of the career of "Lord Clive," a soldier whom Lord Chatham once termed a "heaven-born general." Clive rose to supremacy in council and in the field by sheer force of ability, and though we are not prepared to admit with his latest biographer that he "possessed a well-balanced mind, which was never led astray by the promptings of ambition, or the intoxication of success," his military genius was as unquestionable as his personal valour or his shrewd knowledge of men. Sir Charles does not claim for Clive that he was a consummate master of strategy like Marlborough or Wellington; he admits that there is little trace of skilful combination in his plans, and that the hero of Arcot and Plassey is, in fact, open at times to the charge of having neglected the "most obvious military precautions." He was a bold and impetuous soldier, and knew how to inspire his troops with enthusiasm and confidence. Clive's moderation in the hour of victory, and his strict observance of the treaties which he made with the native princes of India, is rightly emphasised in these pages, though no attempt is made to gloss over his action in deceiving Anichund. This was one of the most discreditable episodes in a career that was glorious, but not unblemished. The personal characteristics of the great soldier-statesman are admirably indicated in this book. Clive was generous and open-handed; indeed, it is said that he gave away one-sixth of his wealth to his relations and friends. He was a true patriot, and when peril was greatest, and disaster seemed imminent, his coolness, capacity, and fertility of resource were most apparent. On the other hand, he was hot-tempered and imperious, obstinate and impatient of contradiction. He was greedy of praise, fond of display, and open to flattery; but he will, as Sir Charles Wilson justly says, ever be remembered as the man who "laid deeply the foundations of our Indian Empire, and in a time of national despondency restored the tarnished honour of the British arms." Although the book leans to mercy's side in its estimate of Clive, it is free from the vice of unstinted eulogy, and whilst the tone throughout is generous, the verdict in the main is just.

Yet another birthday-book—the "Men of the Time." The left-hand pages of the little volume are each devoted to three days of the year, and under these dates are recorded in quartets the names of more or less distinguished people. The right-hand pages are left blank, so that the birthdays of personal friends may be recorded. We take a day at random, and light upon "this day six months," to find that on December 28, Earl Grey will be eighty-eight, the Duke of Portland thirty-three, Mr. Edward Lawson fifty-seven, and Sir Edmund Hay Currie fifty-six. This is perhaps not very important information, but it shows the scope of the book. The little volume is further provided with a "biographical index" for the benefit of the inquisitive.

The ground covered by Mr. Morrison's book is the same which Schürer has occupied in his masterly "History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ," a book which, in the new edition of which half has appeared in English and three-quarters in German, must long remain the standard work on the subject, indispensable to all advanced students. But there is still ample room for an English book of less elaborate scholarship, and more popular character, than the *magnum opus* of the Giessen professor, and Mr. Morrison has given us a history that will be acceptable to many readers. He has made diligent use of the voluminous literature of the subject, but the book is not overloaded with superfluous learning, while it contains much information which every intelligent student of the New Testament will be glad to have, and which most English readers would find it difficult to get elsewhere. Mr. Morrison does not appear to be a Hebrew scholar (in a note on p. 264 *seq.* some Hebrew words are sadly mutilated), and this want perhaps has left him at times too much at the mercy of modern Jewish writers, who are prone to exaggerate the historical value of Rabbinic tradition. But on the whole he uses his materials with sobriety and judgment, and states his results clearly and simply.

"Through North Wales with a Knapsack" is a pleasant and modestly written little book of a seventeen days' holiday trip made by "four schoolmistresses" in August, 1888. Within that period they walked a distance of about one hundred and seventy-five miles, and the cost of the expedition was less than £4 10s. each. They visited Bettws-y-Coed, Llyn Ogwen, Llanberis, Beddgelert, Penrhyn, Snowdon, Dolgelly, Barmouth, winding up their picturesque ramble at Corwen. They met with a few mild adventures, and describe their experiences in a clear and sensible fashion. At one place in which they stayed the landlady was evidently wishful to please—even by the pictures on her walls—all sorts and conditions of guests, for portraits of Bunyan and Beaconsfield confronted one another, whilst contemporary politics and society were represented by Mr. Gladstone and a group of Salvation "lassies." It is not everybody who knows how to pack a knapsack, and ladies who contemplate a tramp abroad during the coming holidays may pick up some useful hints on this, and a variety of other matters, from the "four schoolmistresses" in question.

Independent judgment, as well as conspicuous good taste, distinguishes a "Second Poetry Book," which Miss Woods, headmistress of the Clifton High School, has just compiled for the benefit of girls in their early teens. The common ruts of quotation are avoided, except in instances where the omission would have detracted from the value of the selection as a whole, and it is obvious on every page that Miss Woods is in complete touch with the aspirations of educated young girls. Amongst the older poets who are represented in this choice anthology are Spenser and Herrick, Herbert and Wither, Ben Jonson and Henry Vaughan. Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Scott, support with others the glory of a later age, whilst the compiler's catholicity in regard to poets of the latter half of the nineteenth century is shown by such names as Tennyson, Lowell, Browning, Kingsley, Wendell Holmes, Walt Whitman, Matthew Arnold, Adelaide Ann Procter, and Christina G. Rossetti. If we have any fault to find with the book, it is that the prevailing tone is too serious in a compilation avowedly intended for "girls from thirteen to fifteen."

* LORD CLIVE. By Colonel Sir Charles Wilson. "English Men of Action." London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

THE "MEN OF THE TIME" BIRTHDAY BOOK. Compiled by John F. Boyes, F.S.A. George Routledge and Sons, Limited, London and New York. 32mo. (1s. 6d.)

THE JEWS UNDER ROMAN RULE. By W. D. Morrison. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

THROUGH NORTH WALES WITH A KNAPSACK. By Four Schoolmistresses. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 12mo. (2s. 6d.)

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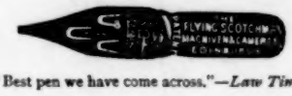

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